

CONTENTS.

JUNE.

THE ARM OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

CRANLEIGH SCHOOL.

TALES OF THE SERVICE.

PENS & PENCILS OF THE PRESS. By Joseph Hatton.

SOME PEOPLE we have MET.

ON PAIN OF DEATH.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

CHAMPION DOGS.

MEMOIRS of DR. WISEMAN.

HIDDEN SKETCHES.

THE PRIEST'S SACRIFICE.

A VISIONARY VIKING.

WHISPERS FROM THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

INCIDENTS of the MONTH.

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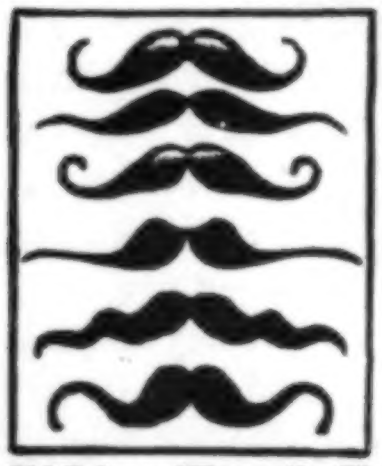
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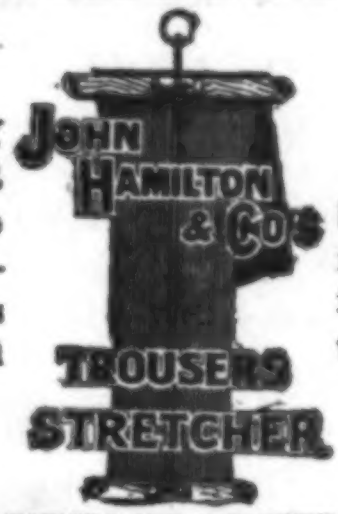
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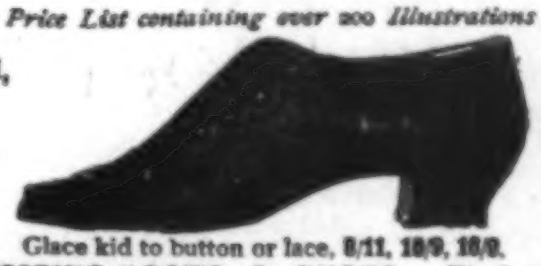
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SCIENCE AND SENSE.

We are constantly getting letters from people who say something like this: "I hadn't an atom of strength left," "There wasn't an atom of energy left in me," &c.

It was only the other day, in an article of the present series, that we made a few remarks on atoms. To-day we quote the great Sir William Thomson on the subject. He says there are as many atoms in a drop of water as it would take billiard balls to make a body the size of the earth.

There—that is an awkward sentence, but its meaning is plain enough; so let it go. It will serve to show what a miserable fraction of nothingness an atom is. Therefore, when people say there wasn't an atom of strength left in them we understand that they are simply speaking after the manner of men—using the old familiar comparison.

Still, let us not jump at conclusions. An atom may be big enough to be useful after all. For you and I both have actually seen persons without an atom of strength left in them. How so? Because they had no strength whatever. For, look you, strength is not merely the power that keeps the heart beating and the breath coming and going. Oh, no. *Strength is the surplus power that is at your disposal after those things are provided for.* Do you see? A horse that is totally unable to stir the load he is hitched to, is a living horse, but so far as the load is concerned he might as well be a dead one. Ha! who says that you and I can't get down to the scientific bottom of things?

And how much surplus power has a person who is unable to turn in bed? So little that no comparison is too extreme for the case. Among the letters we spoke of here is one—from Mrs. Eliza Fay, 49, Townsend Street, Dublin, and dated June 23rd, 1893. She says she was that weak, and was five years becoming so.

At first she simply felt ailing. There was a bad taste in her mouth, and when she ate anything she had pain at the chest, sides and back. Following this came dizziness and pain in the head and temples. In June, 1892, Mrs. Fay was obliged to take to her bed. The pain in her back had now got to be dreadful. She could receive only slight nourishment on account of the distress which accompanied the use of any kind of food. Consequently her little remains of strength waned until she was helpless. What would have been the end of this profound exhaustion we cannot say, but fortunately Mrs. Murphy—a neighbour of Mrs. Fay's—called in one day and said that her husband, when suffering in like manner, had been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

In conclusion, Mrs. Fay says: "Mrs. Murphy got me a bottle of the Syrup at once, and after I had taken it a few days I felt much easier, and by continuing to take it I recovered rapidly. That is about a year ago, and I have not been ill since that time. *I am stronger now than I have been for several years*, and Seigel's Syrup did it all. (Signed) Eliza Fay."

Mrs. Hannah Hopper, 34, Kingston Street, Stockton-on-Tees, tells us that she suffered from the same deathlike weakness in the year 1882. The ailment that led to it began with the identical symptoms which marked Mrs. Fay's, and it went on till, she says, she hadn't "an atom of strength left." Cold, clammy sweats used to break out all over her, particularly in the night. Her heart palpitated badly, her head ached, and there was a smarting, burning feeling at the back of her eyes. She was treated by a doctor, who did what he could, but was not able to effect a cure.

"At last," she says, "my father persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, that had cured his liver complaint. I took his advice, and was soon well and strong as ever. (Signed) Hannah Hopper, October 24th, 1893."

Now for a bit of practical wisdom—"for wisdom," says Solomon, "is the principal thing." All strength—whether just enough to enable you to lift your finger or enough to enable you to leap over a five-barred gate—comes from the food that is digested in your stomach and sent to build up your body. When indigestion and dyspepsia—as in these cases—stops the supply our strength dies out of us as a lamp flame dies when you forget to put oil in the lamp. The remedy mentioned straightens out that bad state of things, and strength returns like birds to the tree in early summer.

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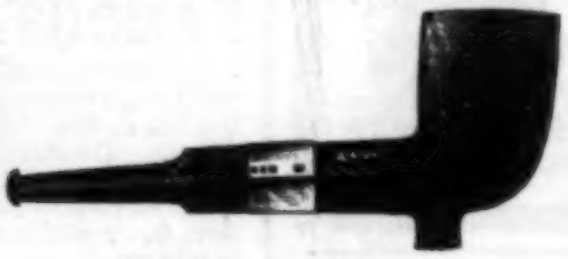
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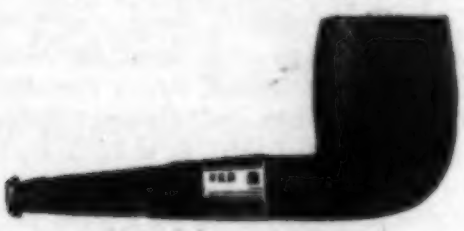
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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1894.

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE	114
THE ARM OF THE BROTHERHOOD	115
By MURIEL LINDSAY. *Illustrated* by J. BARNARD DAVIS.	
YOUNG ENGLAND AT SCHOOL—CRANLEIGH SCHOOL	121
By W. CHAS. SARGENT. *Illustrated* from Photographs.	
TALES OF THE SERVICE—A TALE OF THE CITY WALLS	132
By WALTER WOOD. *Illustrated* by A. SCOTT RANKIN.	
PENS AND PENCILS OF THE PRESS	141
By JOSEPH HATTON.	
SOME PEOPLE WE HAVE MET THIS MONTH. By "CROW"	150
ON PAIN OF DEATH	152
By EMILY MARTIN. *Illustrated* by BERNARD HIGHAM.	
RAMBLES THROUGH ENGLAND—STRATFORD-ON-AVON	161
By HUBERT GRAYLE. *Illustrated* from Photographs.	
CHAMPION DOGS	170
By GUY CLIFFORD. *Illustrated.*	
THE MEMOIRS OF DR. FRANCIS WISEMAN...	179
By PAUL SETON. *Illustrated* by J. ST. M. FITZGERALD.	
HIDDEN SKETCHES. No. IV. By J. ST. M. FITZGERALD	192
THE PRIEST'S SACRIFICE. By GEORGE CANNINGE	193
TALES FROM DREAMLAND—A VISIONARY VIKING	200
By MAY CUMBERLAND. *Illustrated* by FRANK WATKINS.	
WHISPERS FROM THE WOMAN'S WORLD	205
By FLORENCE M. GARDINER.	
INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH	214
PUZZLEDOM	224

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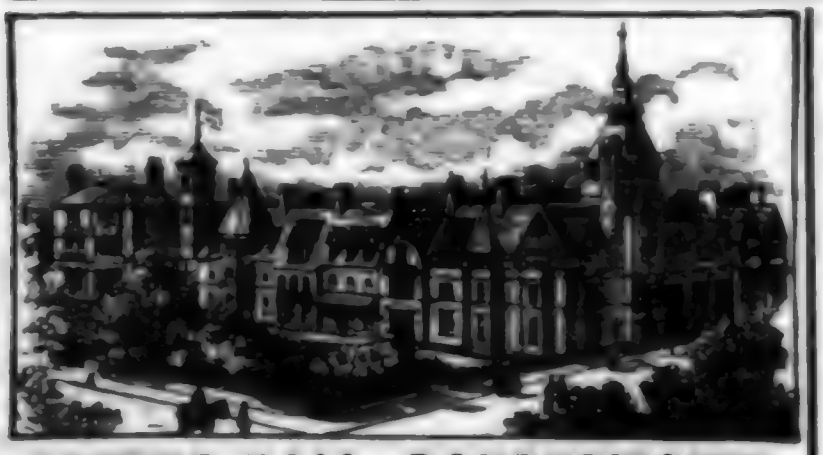
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THE ARM OF THE BROTHERHOOD.

THE LADY WAS EVIDENTLY DETERMINED TO FASCINATE.

[Page 116.

The Arm of the Brotherhood.

By MURIEL LINDSAY.

THE train was gliding slowly out of Victoria, and the occupant of a first-class "smoking" had settled himself comfortably in a corner with a paper and a good cigar, when the door of the compartment was thrown violently open, and a lady entered, followed by several bundles hastily flung on to the seat beside her.

She was breathless with the hurry, and when she had recovered a little, began to put her bag and wraps together and to take stock of her companion.

His cigar was out, and he made no effort to relight it. She leaned across to him, saying, in a very foreign though sweet voice:

"I am sorry that my presence has put out your cigar. Pray light it again. I do not object to the scent of a cigar."

He mumbled something about not smoking with a lady in the carriage, but she replied briskly:

"Oh, but that is nonsense. Permit me that I offer you a light," and, opening her small hand-bag, she produced a small silver fusee-case, and a dainty one of cigarettes. Carefully selecting a cigarette, she lighted it and passed the matches to her companion, who was too astonished at the whole proceeding to offer any remark.

He watched her with amazement, not unmixed with admiration as she sent the pale smoke-rings floating upwards; he had known women who smoked, but they were of a very different stamp to this charming and lovely woman who sat opposite to him.

She caught his questioning look, and laughed slightly.

"You are surprised to see me smoke," she observed in her pretty foreign accent, "and in public too; but I am not English, and in Russia it is the custom for ladies also to smoke, and we are accustomed to see them."

A Russian? Then that explained her unusual behaviour. And how pretty she was, he thought, with her curling golden hair and long-lashed blue eyes. The young officer began to rejoice in the



"PERMIT ME THAT I OFFER YOU A LIGHT."

prospect of a journey with so charming a companion.

"Do you go far on this line," he enquired presently.

"To S——," mentioning a junction. "Do you know it?"

"Yes, rather; I am bound for it myself; to Lady Majoribank's place."

"How funny," she laughed amusedly; "so am I. And now, we should know each other. Here is my card."

They exchanged, and he read on hers, "Irma, Countess Vassoulitch," and she, "Captain A. Alexander, —th Lancers."

"This is my first visit to an English country-house. I know Lady Majoribanks slightly, but no one else. Do you know any of the people who go there?"

Captain Alexander reflected, and then replied.

"I can't say I do. There are one or two fellows of my regiment, and some girls, friends of the family, and—let me see—there is another, a swell, I think—what *is* his name?—I remember, Prince Ivanovitch, the rich Russian. Perhaps you know him, Countess?"

"By repute only," she replied, flicking away some ash from her sleeve.

"Ah," replied the Captain, "his reputation isn't much to boast of. I wonder Lady Majoribanks asked him down; only he is the fashion just now, and she loves to be in the swim."

"If he had his due," said the Countess, with intense bitterness, "it would be the knout, under which so many of his unfortunate victims have perished. Why should such a man live, be tolerated in society? If it were a woman, your doors would all soon be shut in her face. But it will not be borne. Sooner or later the Arm will reach him, and then——." She clenched her hand and her face grew hard and set.

Suddenly, she looked up into his face and laughed lightly.

"Je suis folle," she exclaimed, shrugging her shoulders. "Monsieur will think I am a Nihilist in disguise," and lighting another cigarette, she admired the country through which they were passing, and compared it to Russian scenery, much to the latter's disadvantage, until they reached the junction, where Lady Majoribanks' carriage was waiting.

Among the brilliant company assembled to meet the Prince, none surpassed the Countess Irma in beauty or attire. She looked superb, and the blasé and world-worn Russian felt an unaccustomed sensation of pleasure thrill him as he bent over her white hand.

And the lady was evidently determined to fascinate. Captain Alexander watched her tactics with a slight disgust.

"Heavens!" he thought to himself, "who would believe that a few hours ago, she was heaping abuse on the very person to whom she is now so gracious. Woman is a riddle, hard to read; and this one beats me."

He would have been still more surprised if he could have seen the Countess later in her room, after she had dismissed her maid, seen her eyes brimming over with tears, as she kissed and murmured passionate words of love over a portrait of a very beautiful woman; then opening a case, she took out and examined carefully a brace of delicate but dangerous and workmanlike pistols, muttering the while, "At last, at last, he is in my power, and now, for revenge."

The days passed pleasantly in this delightful country-house; the Prince devoted his days to hunting and shooting, and his nights to pursuing game of a more exciting kind: the conquest of the fair Countess.

But it was not easy. The fair Russian baffled him at every turn; his efforts at love-making were received with calm indifference; he was snubbed like any ineligible.

To a man accustomed to have his own way in everything, her treatment was as strange as it was novel, and it piqued him into earnestness, so the hardened man of the world found himself, much to his surprise, becoming more and more in love.

Although they had lived for nearly a fortnight under the same roof, he had never been able to find her a minute alone; she seemed to take a delight in baffling him, and holding out as long as possible. But that the fortress would capitulate, he had not the slightest doubt.

At last the opportunity for which he was waiting arrived; he found her in the library alone, and contrary to his expectations, she remained. He poured out his love for her, painting it in the most glowing colours; she appeared moved, her colour came and went, her breast heaved, her eyes were lowered, she seemed as agitated as a bashful girl receiving her first offer.

She clasped her hands nervously. He

caught them in his and kissed them passionately, beseeching her to answer him, in a voice harsh and broken with emotion.

"Leave me a few hours in which to think," she pleaded. "I cannot tell you now. I am unprepared—this afternoon I will give you your answer."

She flashed him a dazzling glance from her blue eyes, this and the witchery of her beauty vanquished his self-control. Before she had time to draw back, his arms were round her, and his fierce hot kisses on her face. Too bewildered at first, she made no resistance, then strove to free herself. His sudden passion over, he released her.

Panting and indignant she faced him, then with a contemptuous gesture, would have left him. He hastened after her: contrition plainly shown by his halting speech and anxious gaze. This woman was so different to some he knew, to whom his kisses were an honour, that he forgot at the moment that she did not consider them as such.

She received his apologies in stern silence, then suddenly melting, gave him her hand.

"But your answer, Countess?" he said, bending over the white slender fingers; "be merciful."

The Countess smiled. "This afternoon, Prince, I promise you shall have my reply," and, with a bend of her graceful head, she left him to his reflections.

In the hall the Countess paused. Her face became ghastly, and she clutched at one of the heavy curtains to prevent herself from falling.

The Countess was a good actress, but the scene she had just played had taxed all her powers of endurance, and the reaction left her weak and unnerved.

A burning flush passed over her face as the remembrance of the Prince's unwelcome kiss returned, and she rubbed her lips and cheeks until they glowed.

"Fool," she whispered, "dupe. You are in the toils, and nothing shall save you now. You think I love you"—she shuddered; "rather Siberia than your love. Oh, Vera, sister, look down from heaven and help me."

Hearing a step, she rose and met Captain Alexander coming down the stairs.

"The match is arranged for this afternoon, Countess," he said; "are your pistols in good order? Heavens," as he noticed her white face, "are you ill?"

Smiling faintly at the anxiety in his face, Irma said wearily that it was only one of her headaches, and that it would be better by the afternoon.

All traces of her slight indisposition had vanished when she made her appearance in the shooting-gallery that afternoon, and her hand and eye were steadier than many; she was surrounded by an enthusiastic and admiring group, foremost among whom was the Prince.



SHE GAVE HIM HER HAND.

Presently saying she was tired, she reloaded her pistol and laying it on the table by her side, watched Captain Alexander and several of his fellow officers who were trying their skill against each other.

The Prince, unnoticed, hovered on the outskirts of the group; now that Irma

was no longer shooting, the game lost its interest for him, and he was about to ask her to examine some ancient armour with him, meaning, under this pretext, to beg for her answer, when a servant entering, handed him a telegram.

It was Russian and marked "important," and not wishing that the others should see it, he retired behind a long crimson curtain thickly powdered with golden bees, screening a bay-window.

The Countess was watching the shooters, but not one of his movements escaped her. Taking advantage of a momentary lull in the game, she raised her pistol and turning to a young officer said jestingly:

"What do you bet me, Captain Morris, that I pierce the body of that bee," pointing to one she knew to be on a level with the Prince's head.

"Oh it's impossible," said the young man quickly, "you are a clever shot, Countess, but pardon me, I don't think you can put a bullet clean through it."

"But pardon me," she mimicked gaily, "if I think I can;" and, raising her arm again, was about to fire when Captain Alexander said hurriedly,

"Wait a minute, Countess, perhaps there is someone behind the curtain," and he started forward as if to see and make sure; but she laid a detaining hand on the young man's arm, saying laughingly:

"Who could be there? We are all here, are we not?" and without waiting for further speech, aimed and fired.



THE COUNTESS AIMED AND FIRED.

The Prince's telegram contained serious news. It was a warning that one of the Russian secret societies was having him watched, and that one of their number was actually in England, and that a blow might be dealt him at any moment. That he was an object of hate and ill-will to the revolutionary sect in Russia he knew, but up to this present moment had not thought it worthy a serious thought.

But now, as he stood looking out at the fast closing-in day, he reflected that it was time he took precautions with regard to his safety, more especially as one dear to him would henceforth, he hoped, share his fortunes, good or bad, with him.

As the report of the pistol died away, the Countess, turning to Alexander, and laughing a little unsteadily, said: "That is my answer. A good shot, n'est-ce-pas?"

"It is, indeed," answered Captain Morris admiringly. "I say, Countess, I never thought you were such a good shot as that," and he went up to the curtain to examine it.

All this had only occupied a few seconds, and he was advancing to the window when the sound as of a heavy mass falling to the floor beside it startled them all.

"Good God!" said Alexander, rushing to the place, "there was someone behind, after all, and—it is the Prince!"

With reverent, gentle hands, they lifted the inanimate form, and laid it on a lounge, and a young surgeon, one of the guests, did all in his power to save him; but it was in vain—the Prince was stone dead; the ball had entered his brain from

behind, and death must have been instantaneous. Alexander approached the Countess. She seemed singularly apathetic, but her eyes gleamed feverishly, and an anxious look appeared when she saw him.

"Is he dead?" she whispered eagerly, and he nodded. A look of relief passed over her features, and she lowered her eyes to hide the triumphant light in their depths.

Alexander could hardly understand her, and was sorely puzzled by her indifference.

"Perhaps," he thought, "she is not alive to the awful deed done"; and then his heart smote him for judging her too hardly when he saw she was faint and dazed. He thought it was emotion and horror at the deed, but it was only the reaction after the long strain of the last weeks, and the consciousness of a resolve fulfilled.

The dead man was carried to his room, and Alexander and the Countess were the only ones remaining in the gallery, so merry and noisy a few minutes ago, and changed all at once into a place of mourning.

Irma passed her hand over her forehead wearily; then something seemed to strike her, and she glanced eagerly round.

"Have you lost anything, Countess?" asked Alexander; but she did not answer him, only murmured to herself: "Where is it?—what did he do with it?" Then a piece of paper caught her eyes and she moved forward hastily.



"IT IS WHAT . EXPECTED."

"It is what I expected," she exclaimed as she read it; and Alexander, hearing these barely audible words, felt his fears confirmed.

"Countess"—she started at his changed voice—"Countess, you knew the Prince was there all the time?"

She gazed at him steadily, then said calmly:

"I did. What then?"

"You knew, and you murdered him deliberately?" he said in hoarse, horror-stricken accents, hardly believing his ears.

"I knew, and I deliberately murdered him, as you call it," she answered coolly. "You call it murder; *I* call it revenge, punishment—a justly deserved fate."

"What do you mean?" he said astonished. "What has revenge to do with your act to-day?"

She smiled. "A great deal, Captain Alexander. Listen, and I will tell you why I followed the Prince here with the firm intention of killing him—why I allowed him to make love to me; it is not a pretty story, but it is true.

"It is many years ago since the death of Vera D——. She was a beautiful and modest Russian girl. She was poor, but of good birth, and one day it was her misfortune to attract the notice of the Prince Ivanovitch. Her beauty pleased him, and he made dishonourable overtures to her, which she indignantly rejected. This only made him the more eager, and at last Vera was obliged to keep the house in order to escape his persecutions. Her conduct incensed him greatly, and he swore that if ever she fell into his power he would deal her scant mercy.

"At this time Vera joined a secret brotherhood, and was one of its most active agents. By the treachery of one of their members, they were surprised, and carried off to prison to await examination.

"The Prince was one of the officials directed to superintend the examinations, and unlimited power had been placed in his hands. His delight knew no bounds when he heard that Vera was one of the prisoners, and after renewing his offers and receiving the same answers, he grew angry and swore she should yield or die—death or dishonour."

Up to now the Countess had been talking rapidly in French; now she paused and continued more slowly in English. "Vera chose death, but to simply let her die was not the Prince's idea. He ordered her to be knouted, publicly knouted, and he himself superintended to see that his devilish order was carried out. I was young then, but never to the day of my death shall I forget that day; the sight of Vera's delicate white body bleeding and lacerated haunts me still. We were forced to be

present, so as to make the torture more complete. She died under the lash; shame more than physical pain killed her, and when it was over, and they loosed her, she was dead."

"And Vera—who was she?" inquired Alexander, terribly moved by this ghastly tale.

"She was my *sister*, my only sister, whom I worshipped more as a saint than a human being. From that time I vowed I would be revenged upon her murderer, and I joined the society to which she belonged. My early marriage and strict surveillance by the police during my secluded widowhood (for they suspected me) prevented me from any active measures, but I kept quiet and disarmed suspicion, and was at last able to leave Russia to carry out my vow. And now it is performed I know what awaits me—death or Siberia — there is no escape. Directly the inquiry or what do you call it—inquest—is over I must go away, not to escape—I cannot—I care not now what is my fate; but to prevent a scene here."

She ceased abruptly and staggered slightly. Alexander caught her, or she would have fallen. But she did not faint; her momentary exhaustion passed, and she was seemingly herself once more.

During the few seconds he held her in his arms, Alexander resolved to save her by all the means that lay in his power.

"Irma," he said, taking her cold hands in his warm, eager grasp, "you must not go. I love you; be my wife."



"I KNOW WHAT AWAITS ME."

She stared at him incredulously, then laughed.

"My dear Captain Alexander, you are mad;" then, seeing the pained look that came into his face, said more kindly: "You are very good, and I am not ungrateful to you for your offer, but it cannot be. You do not love me—you mistake pity for love; and even if I married you it would not save me—I am a Russian subject, and could be claimed and taken. No, dear friend, as your proverb says, I have made my bed and must lie upon it. You will keep my secret for the present, will you not?"

"For ever," he said, bending over her white hands.

She smiled sadly and, kissing him gently on the forehead, she left him.

The affair was hushed up and very little got about. The Countess was never suspected by those present of having purposely shot the Prince, and when she left all were loud in their expressions of sympathy and regret.

Only one man possessed the true facts, and they were for ever buried in his heart.

Irma reached London in safety; Alexander wished to accompany her, but she begged him not. Later, led by the desire to visit once again the grave of her sister, she returned to her native land, but only to enter a Russian prison, whose doors only opened for her to pass out to her death, to join once again the love of her life—her martyred Vera.

Young England at School.

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THE SCHOOL TERRACE.

IN the heart of Surrey, some forty miles from London on the branch line of the London and Brighton Railway, between Horsham and Guildford, is the quiet and quaint village of Cranleigh, nestled under the shadow of the surrounding hills, and in the midst of a delightfully variegated country, a magnet to the artist and a charm to the tourist and cyclist. The village comprises one main thoroughfare, a fine old church, only one hotel of importance—the "Onslow"—a few business premises and several private residences, but Cranleigh can boast of a school which has made its name ring throughout England and abroad.

On arriving at Cranleigh by train, the station being in the centre of the village, and turning to the left, the village green, which is converted into a cricket ground for the school and village jointly, is passed. The pitch is a very excellent one, where from time to time excellent cricket is witnessed, and at intervals visits are made by some of our prominent Surrey experts. The school is but a short distance from the village, and occupies an elevated position on the summit of a hill, thus commanding an extensive view over the



FRONT VIEW OF CRANLEIGH SCHOOL.

surrounding country, while from its terrace may be seen young Cranleighans moving among the hedge-rows, or playing in the spacious grounds attached to the school. The visitor might easily imagine at the first glimpse that Cranleigh School is of ancient origin, for the red brick of which it is built in antiquated architecture now suggests great age from its mellowed and generally-subdued appearance; and one is the more surprised, in contemplating its ivy-mantled walls, to learn that its prominence in the educational world should have been attained in such a comparatively short period.

The buildings will require little description from me, for so excellently has Mr. Thomas done his work that our illustrations should convey a far better idea of the school than the whole space I have at my disposal, were I to attempt to use it for that purpose; I will, therefore, be content by saying that it is built in quadrangular form, after the fashion common to many of our University edifices.

Entering the school gate the avenue leading to the principal entrance of the main building lends great dignity to the approach; while at the end a terrace is



CRANLEIGH, FIVE AND-TWENTY YEARS AGO.

reached on the right extremity of which is the chapel and on the left the headmaster's house.

The main building comprises class-rooms of various sizes, and an exceptionally fine dining-hall, all opening on to a cloistered corridor running round the interior of the square, the floors above being wholly occupied by the spacious dormitories.

When I received my orders to journey to Cranleigh School, I must confess I undertook it more on pleasure bent than on any of my previous visits in connection with "Young England at School."

I have visited schools that are hallowed by traditions, situated in fine old English towns, others that are architecturally beautiful and of vast proportions, and each have interested me beyond description, but my ambition to visit Cranleigh was owing to an old and fostered reminiscence.

Several years ago our artist, Mr. Thomas, and myself cycled between Godalming and Dorking and, making a halt at Cranleigh, we spent a few days making short tours from the "Onslow Hotel," which we made our headquarters. These were truly amongst the happiest days of my life, for Surrey looked her best; and, as we made trips to such places as the Silent Pool, Newlands Corner and several of the quaint old villages dotted over the neighbourhood, that, my first Cranleigh visit, will ever remain green in my memory. It was the first time I had ever seen the "Old Chimney Corner," and sometimes in the evening we would take our seats amongst the bronzed-faced ploughmen on the old settle, while the faggots crackled to the singing of the mighty pot suspended on the dogs, and the good hearted yarns were being spun one after another, which told me, if what I saw was a sample of the good old days of our forefathers, they were happy, and many a time did I join in so heartily with the happy little smock-clad throng that I almost envied them their free and easy life.



THE REV. G. C. ALLEN, M.A., HEADMASTER.

My fond recollection of Cranleigh and its surroundings was not my only reason for so anxiously undertaking my mission. I have from time to time been asked by friends and others where I should recommend them to send their sons. Now, this is a very

difficult question. It would be a very difficult matter for me to decide without asking how many sons he had and what he could afford to pay. One might be the fortunate possessor of an income of a thousand a-year, but where could he send his six bonny boys in order that they might receive the education he himself had done?

It certainly could not be Eton, Harrow or Winchester, or, in fact, any of those schools that have taken part in our series. if he wished to serve all alike; therefore, I was anxious to visit a school that appealed to the sons of persons engaged in farming, commerce and other professions, and especially to cases such as I have just mentioned. This is the great object of Cranleigh, to provide a sound and liberal public school education on moderate terms in accordance with the principles of the Church of England. Boys are prepared for the Universities, for the Army and for professional and commercial life. There is also a special class for Army and Civil Service candidates.



THE LIBRARY AND SIXTH FORM ROOM.

Considering the advantages open to every boy at Cranleigh, it must be said that the fee of £15 a term is wonderfully moderate, including as it does education, board, ordinary medical attendance, books, stationery, washing, mending of linen and cloth clothes, and, in fact, all school matters whatever; the only extras being music, such as violin or piano, brass band, carpentry or metal work, all of which are optional.

To me the marvel is how it is done. Not by stint of food or comfort, for these I know well cannot be beaten. The food is wholesome and appetising to the most fastidious palate, thanks to the care of the competent bursar, Mr. I. Hardy, who is ever on the alert and seeking to make the boys happy. Mr. Hardy was the first official to welcome us to Cranleigh School; and, as the oldest member of the staff, he interested himself greatly on our behalf and rendered me valuable assistance, such as is necessary in compiling an article of this kind.

Perhaps the first thing that called my attention while I sat in the masters' common room, was the apparent vein of good fellowship that ran through the frequenters of that room, and more particularly the amount of respect that they paid to their Head when the Rev. G. C. Allen, M.A., the headmaster's name was mentioned. Although our visit had been sanctioned by the Headmaster, I had not given him my first visit, which is generally my custom; but hearing his assistants speak of him so kindly, I became impatient to see the gentleman who had so won the hearts of so large a school without the trace of a dissentient voice.

Soon, however, my hopes were realised by Mr. Hardy rising from his chair and saying, "Our head, gentlemen!" for Mr. Allen had just entered the room. Mr. Allen, with a genial smile, shook us by the hand, and in the first moment put us at our ease and dispelled the terrors one feels when confronted with the Heads of England's schools.

Mr. Allen chatted with evident pleasure about his school, and was most particular



ONE OF THE DORMITORIES.

that Mr. Thomas should be shown over every portion of it. Almost at the commencement of our conversation he suggested that I should give prominence to his predecessor, the Rev. Dr. Merriman, to whose wisdom and energy were due almost entirely the development and success of the School through the first twenty-seven years of its existence. On his retirement, in 1892, he accepted the living of Freshwater, offered him by his College, St. John's, Cambridge. Not the least reference was made by the present master to any improvements that have been carried out during his own reign. In Mr. Allen, therefore, one cannot help seeing a man who will give to others due respect and honour to the fullest where it is due, as was the case with the late master, but as for himself he evidently believes that a man's good works always leave their mark behind, for it was seldom, indeed, he spoke in the first person.

Mr. Allen is an old Wellingtonian, a late scholar and exhibitioner of St. John's College, Cambridge, and under him I do not hesitate to say that Cranleigh School has even a greater future before it.

The birth of Cranleigh School may be said to date from November 6th, 1862, for it was then the first meeting was held in Abbot's Hospital, Guildford, when a resolution was agreed upon to establish a public school on the basis I have already referred to. This meeting, however, was the outcome of a conversation between the Rev. Canon Sapte and the Right. Hon. G. Cubitt, M.P., the present LordAshcombe who are rightly entitled to be looked upon as the founders, as far as the idea of it was concerned.

Twelve days after the first meeting another was held, at which it was decided that Cranleigh (then spelt Cranley) should be the site of the School, and that its name should be the Surrey County School. The subscription soon met with response, and by August, 1863, £4,000 was in hand, and then it was decided to lay the foundation stone on a site, the gift of Mr. Cubitt, which was accordingly done on Wednesday, November 25th, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Longley. Dr. Benson, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, then Master of Wellington College, was elected as a member of the Council in October, 1863.

Early in 1865 the building was drawing towards completion, and in April of that year the late Headmaster was selected from amongst nine candidates to fill the important office of chief. This was a wise choice on the part of the Council, for time has proved that Dr. Merriman achieved a unique success in the history of Public School Education.

The School was publicly opened on Oct. 12th, 1865, when a service was held in Cranleigh Church and a sermon preached by Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester.

There was a public luncheon in the present Middle Form room, presided over by John Bradshaw, Esq., of Knowle, high sheriff of Surrey for that year.

A large and distinguished company was present, and many eloquent speeches were made with reference to middle-class education.

The Earl of Carnarvon was amongst the chief speakers, and Cranleigh was thus launched on its successful career. It was first the intention of the founder to build for the accommodation of one hundred boys; but subsequently it was resolved to erect, at first, enough buildings to take in one hundred and fifty boys, and ultimately to provide a School for three hundred boys, with suitable chapel. The first term passed off very quietly, as might be expected, for there were only twenty-two boarders and four day boys.

The second term, coming in with 1866, however, began with great promise of prosperity. The entries increased to just upon three figures, and additional assistance was engaged.

Perhaps one of the most important functions at Cranleigh School, in its earliest days, was that which took place on Tuesday, July 23rd, 1867, when, at a luncheon, the late Earl of Iddesleigh (then Sir Stafford Northcote,) made a speech which pictured truly the state of middle-class education, and the great benefits to be obtained from similar institutions to the School at Cranleigh, and enlarged at great length upon the progress that had been made and the future open to it.

Another red-letter day in the annals of the School is July 14th, 1868, the day on which the foundation-stone of the chapel was laid.

During the previous summer Sir Henry William Peek, Bart., of Wimbledon House, made the magnificent offer to build a chapel for the School.



MR J HARDY (BURSAR)



MR. CLARKE (SECOND MASTER).

It was first thought that one thousand pounds would meet the requirements, which Sir Henry supplemented with another five hundred. But even this proved very inadequate, for no less a sum than £5,500 was necessary for the completion of the building, the whole of which was defrayed by the generous donor.

After receiving such kindness at the hands of Sir Henry Peek, the Council set to work to provide additional buildings, for the accommodation was becoming quite unable to cope with the demand, and a movement was set on foot to erect new buildings and provide for three hundred boys.

In July of 1869, the chapel was completed, and dedicated on Wednesday, the 21st, when upwards of four hundred visitors partook of luncheon, amongst whom were several distinguished members of the Church and prominent statesmen.

The new buildings were completed, including the further accommodation for increasing the numbers, besides a gymnasium, fives courts and swimming bath, and gradually from this time the numbers of pupils increased until 1875, when the limit of three hundred was reached, which has been maintained, with little fluctuation, ever since.

From 1870, several endowments were given to the School, many of which provided scholar-

ships and prizes, some of which may be described as follows:

An entrance scholarship of £20 per annum for two years—founded by public subscription as a memorial to Bishop Utterton.

Two scholarships of nearly £20 per annum, tenable for two years in the School, the gift of an anonymous benefactor, who bequeathed £1,000.



THE SANATORIUM, WITH SCHOOL IN THE DISTANCE.

An annual prize for divinity is given by the Rev. Canon Musgrave, Rector of the neighbouring parish of Hascombe, and one of the Council of the School.

Scholarships not exceeding in value half the school fees, tenable in the School, are also given after the summer examination.



ENTRANCE TO CHAPEL.

An annual prize of £5 was founded by the late J. W. Thrupp, Esq., for the boy who passes the best examination in commercial subjects, including writing (a subject I consider much neglected at many schools), a knowledge of bookkeeping, etc.

The boy who passes the best examination in some prescribed book receives a prize of £5, given annually by D. D. Heath, Esq., who is also the donor of a similar prize to the most successful boy in the examination in Natural Science.

So quickly has the school at Cranleigh made its name famous for its good work that boys have been received from various parts of the globe, especially Japan, Siam, Burmah and Africa, and seldom now are these countries without their representatives at the School.

Amongst distinguished Old Cranleighans, I may mention the late Dr. Wooldridge, M.D. and D.Sc., while another was



INTERIOR OF SANATORIUM.

last year President of the Cambridge Union. In 1890 an old Cranleighan was sixth wrangler, and the boards in Hall are being speedily filled with honours won in various fields.

The pupils are not boarded in houses similar to the other schools I have visited. All live at the School, where ample provision is made for their leisure hours, and the dormitories, as may be judged by our illustration, would compare most favourably with anything of the kind I have seen. There is no overcrowding. Each boy has his separate bed in a fine, lofty and well-ventilated dormitory, over which a master presides, with his own apartments adjoining, and whose duty it is to make himself personally interested in all the affairs of the occupants of his dormitory. But there are no severe restrictions nor is the master looked upon with fear, for, on the other hand, he is their friend.

The few prefects maintain order, and the numerous texts which adorn the walls and ceiling and which are the work of artistic spirits in the School cannot but help to teach the youth the right road from the wrong. Several of the most beautiful have even become imprinted on my memory during my short stay, and, if so, how must they affect the youth before whom they are continually their guiding stars, such lovely words and lessons for us all!

If Wisdom's way ye wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

An excellent library, the gift of a member of the Council, Mr. D. D. Heath, well stocked with valuable literature, also serves as a museum. It is not very large, but what it lacks in quantity is fully made up in quality, and it is artistically decorated with the names of famous poets, authors and distinguished scholars, etc. During school hours the library is used by the Master, who takes the Sixth in special subjects, and during liberty hours it is much frequented by the studious and painstaking boys of the upper forms.

The chapel is exceedingly beautiful and is undoubtedly the centre of the School's affection.

The services in chapel are characterised by devotion and the capital ren-



SOME OF THE MASTERS.

dering of the musical portion by the very excellent choir. Music forms an important part in the education at Cranleigh, and as an old chorister myself, I am convinced that a better set of trained treble voices it would be difficult to find, and especially to outrival the Cranleigh School choir.

The Director of the choir, Mr. R. Harris, who is a most able and accomplished musician, is wholly devoted to his work, and spares no pains to make the musical teaching as efficient as possible. In this he is ably supported by the staff under his control. I may add that, like several of his colleagues, he is also a cricketer of no mean prowess.



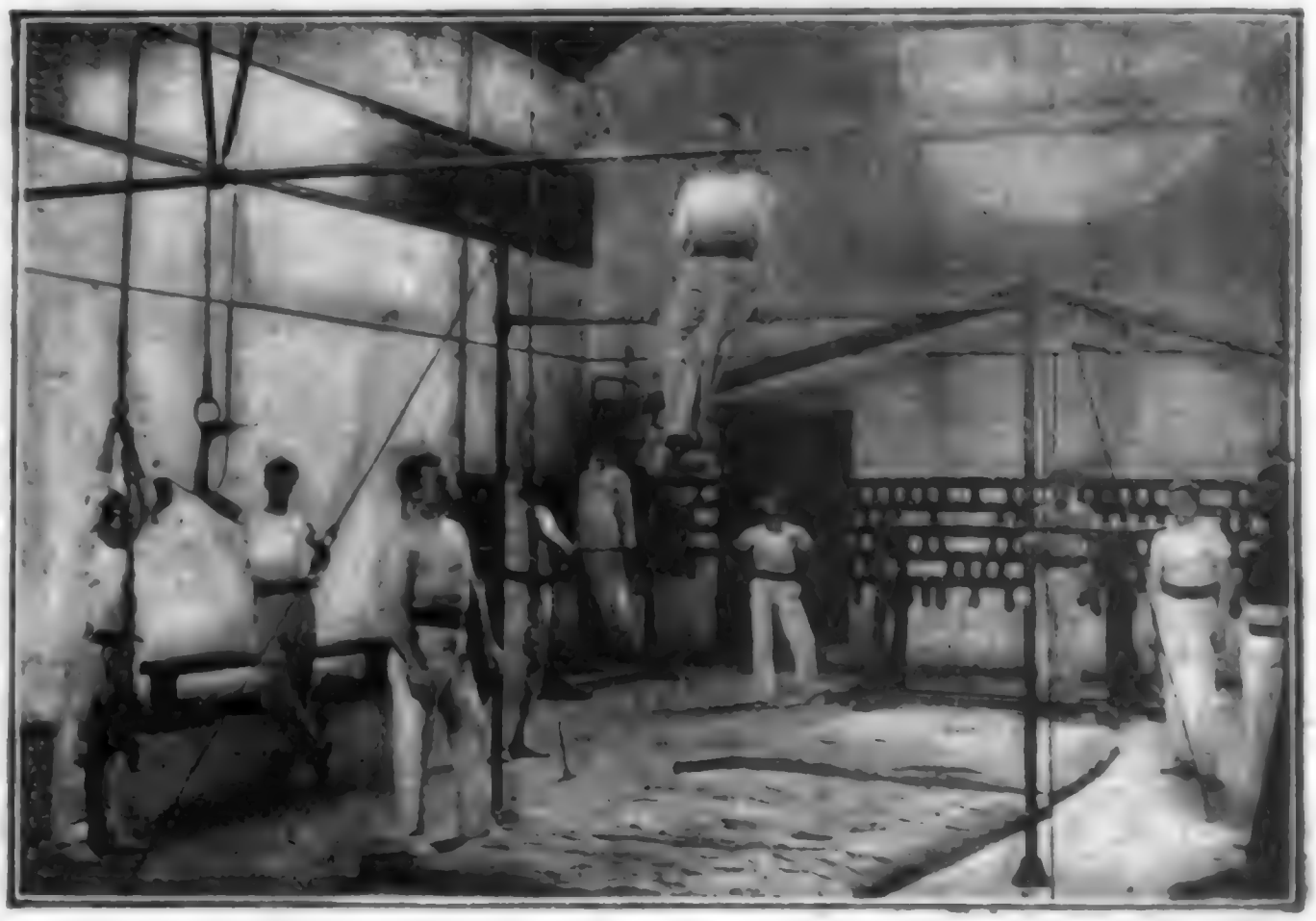
SHIELD OF THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL RECREATION SOCIETY FOR GYMNASTICS, WON BY CRANLEIGH THREE YEARS IN SUCCESSION.

The military and bugle bands reflect the greatest credit on Mr. C. A. Vine, who also takes pupils for violin, piano and other instruments.

A word of praise should be given to the Rev. E. T. Clarke, M.A., second master, before I turn to the physical side. Mr. Clarke, late scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, is a thorough mathematician, and during the eight years he has been a member of the staff I may venture to say, the mathematical side has been greatly enhanced.

Mr. Clarke is most unassuming, a favourite with his colleagues, and to quote the Headmaster's words "one of the pillars of the Constitution." The science department, and the metal and carpenters' shops are under the able direction of Mr. A. L. B. Tindall, B.A., an old Marlburian, and scholar of Peterhouse, Cambridge. Mr. Tindall is an earnest worker, and I am convinced he will advance the status of science and craft at Cranleigh, now most essential items of instruction at all public schools.

The drawing is entrusted to Mr. J.



THE GYMNASIUM.



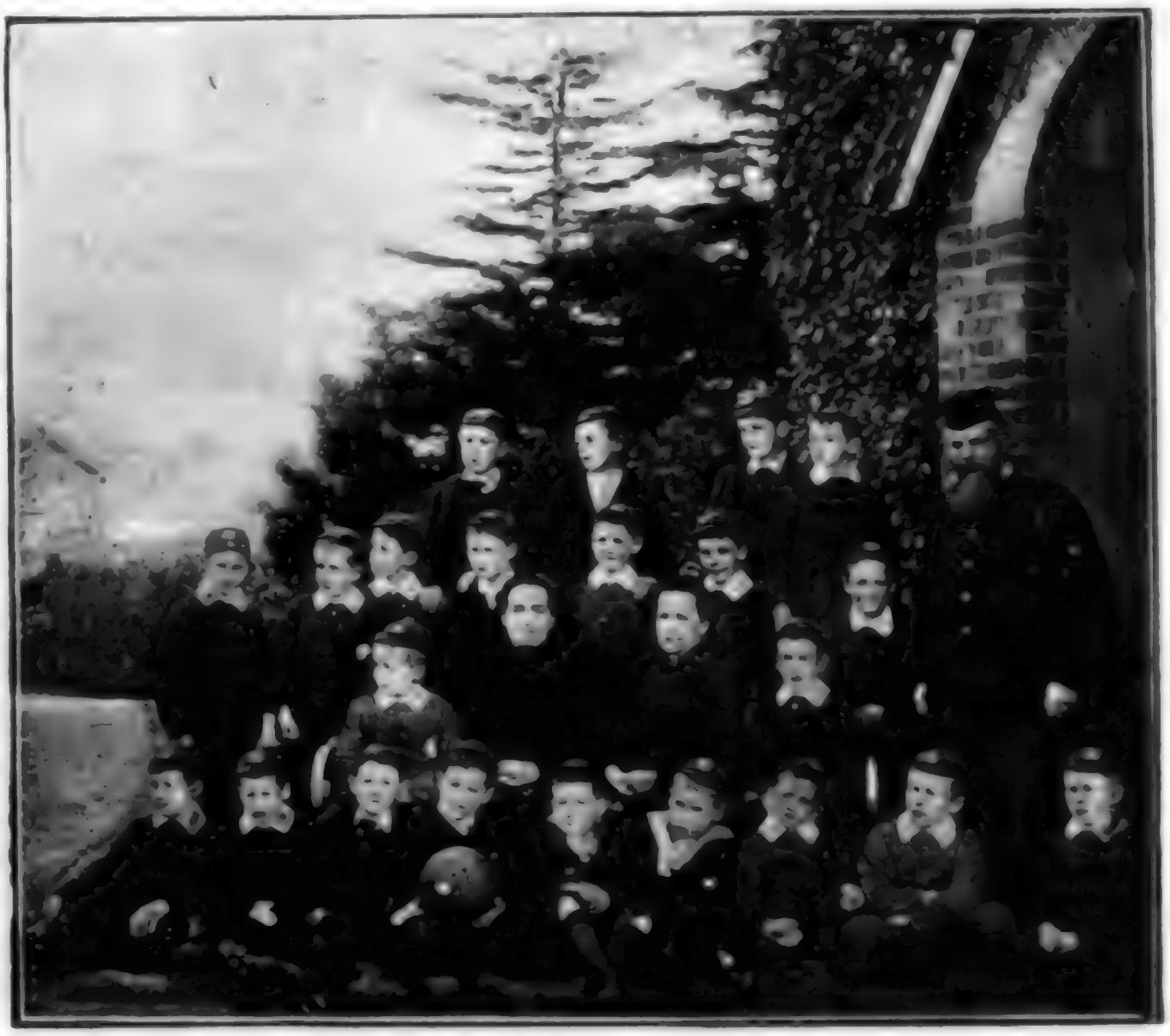
A PEEP AT CRANLEIGH SCHOOL FROM THE PREPARATORY HOUSE.

Hardy, who is also the bursar. Mr. Hardy is, without doubt, the "genius loci." He lends himself more as a father to Cranleighans than the feared tutor, and is devoted to the welfare of the School and the happiness of all in residence there. At Mr. Hardy's house some few hundred yards away from the school, young boys are received between the ages of nine and twelve at a fee of £13, where they receive a thorough preparation for the larger school from Mrs. Hardy and a lady assistant. At no time are vacancies open long in the unique little preparatory house, which again speaks well for feminine influence over young boys.

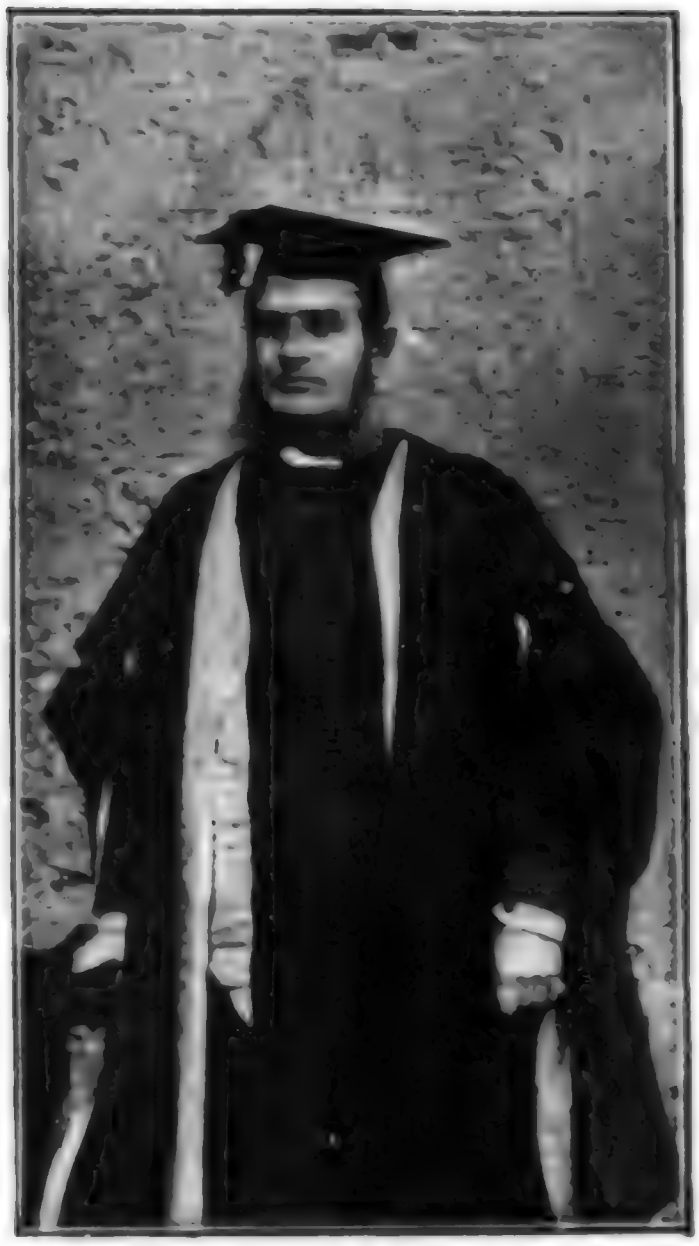
It was at Mr. Hardy's house that the son of King Kofi, of Ashanti, boarded during part of his stay at Cranleigh some years ago in accordance with treaty engagements. It is interesting also to note that "Kofi," as he was familiarly called by his schoolfellows, soon became attached to the school, and the school to him, for, in fact, such harmony runs through Cranleigh life that at no time is notice taken of either colour or caste.

Football and cricket of course are the winter and summer games respectively.

At football the rules adopted are Association—like Charterhouse, who I am inclined to think might give them a fixture, considering they are almost neighbours.



A GROUP OF BOYS AT THE PREPARATORY HOUSE.



THE REV. J. MERRIMAN, D.D., FIRST HEADMASTER.

But there! it reminds me of a reply from one of our great public schools to a minor institution, after having been asked for a fixture for the coming season, which ran as follows:

"Eton I know, Harrow I know,
But who are ye?"

Cranleigh fixture cards, however, are always full, and, what with visits from several school teams from similar institutions and neighbouring clubs, some good games add to the School amusements; and then again, there are the teams representing the different dormitories, who enter upon friendly rivalry for supremacy; and occasional visits from the Old Cranleighans, a famous organisation in our Metropolis, are amongst the greatest features of reunion, especially at Whitsuntide, which is the great annual gathering for the Old Boys. A cricket match between Past and Present is always played on Whit Monday.

The gymnasium is an important adjunct to Cranleigh, and one I should imagine that stands highest in the educational world.

At Cranleigh it is compulsory that each Form attends for practice in the gymnasium, in order that the body may be fully developed with the brain.

It is under the direction of the Rev. H. Crawford, one of the senior masters, and it is to his wise and judicious management that the splendid standard of Cranleigh gymnastics is largely due.

Perhaps the greatest achievement that can be attributed to the School, as far as the physical side is concerned, is that of having won for the third year in succession the valuable shield of the National Physical Recreation Society — a trophy contested for at Aldershot by the most prominent schools in England.

Great credit must undoubtedly be given to Sergeant Crawford (Gymnastic Staff, Aldershot), the gymnastic instructor, for not only did the Cranleigh representatives secure the shield by a good majority of points this year, but their best boy—Wordsworth—tied with a representative from Epsom College as the best individual gymnast.

One word I must say, before I close, for the staff collectively, and that is, efficiency. The masters work together, take part in the boys' games, and the pleasure of one is always the pleasure of the other.

I can hardly express the pleasant sentiments I feel to all at Cranleigh School, particularly the Headmaster and Mr. Hardy for their courtesy and kindness to us during our visit, and many have been the times since my return that I have wished for my school days again, when I might share them with those fortunate youngsters tended by generous hearts in one of the most charming spots in England.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

Our Illustrations are from a splendid series of Photographs taken specially for this Magazine by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, E.C., from whom Prints from the Original negatives can be obtained.

A Tale of the City Walls



Tales of the Service.

By Walter Wood

THIS is a story of the walls at Fort Gwalohree and of six Martinis that were within the city gates. It is a truthful narrative of what befell when G Company of the 1st Battalion of the Dark Light Infantry was on detachment at the Fort. The tale is not told in the records of the regiment, but not everything that happens finds a place in military history, nor are all things made known to them who are at the heads of districts.

One cold-weather morning the company's orderly, Private Wickem, took to his officer the company's papers for signature. Captain Sibbart signed them, and the orderly laid upon the wet ink a saturated piece of blotting-paper which destroyed all trace of legibility.

"Can't you get a square of decent stuff to use?" growled Sibbart. "What's the use of a man learning to write if his words are made to look like the daub of a paint-brush?"

"Beg pardon, sir," mumbled Wickem: "blotting slipped—my hand trembled too much, sir."

"Why should it tremble at all?" demanded the officer; "you haven't got cholera or fever, have you?"

"Not quite, sir; but I've got some awfully important news for you, and it makes me shake as if I'd got the D.T.'s—beg pardon, sir, I mean ague."

"Make haste and tell it, then," said Sibbart, scorning to show interest.

"It's sort of extra-regimental, sir," explained Wickem.

"Go on," muttered the officer, impatiently, "we shall soon see what it is."

"A friend and me, sir, were out in the city last night ——" began the orderly.

"Then you were where you'd no right to be without a pass," interrupted his superior.

"If you'll pardon me, sir," said the orderly, regaining courage, "I'll explain when I've told you about the dogs and the Martinis."

Sibbart turned upon the speaker. "Dogs and Martinis!" he exclaimed testily. "What on earth nonsense are you talking?"

"No nonsense, sir, but a matter of life and death, in my judgment. I remember when I was in the detective force at home I had to deal with a similar case that proved to have Fenians at the bottom of it."

"Tell what you have to tell in simple and straightforward terms, or make way for someone whose faculties haven't been warped by service in the police," snapped Sibbart.

"Well then, sir," proceeded Wickem boldly, "me and Barker were out together in the city last night, and to tell the Gospel truth, sir, we were a bit happy—especially Barker."

"Meaning drunk," observed Sibbart contemptuously.

"A bit happy, sir," repeated Wickem

correctively, "but in no way under the influence. Well, we were walking along, arm in arm, Barker singing one of his original little melodies ——"

"Disgraceful and illiterate compositions," murmured the captain, whose tastes were in the direction of private theatricals and morality.

"When a tall native slipped out of a dark passage," continued the orderly, "and put his hand on Barker's shoulder."

"You should have knocked the scoundrel down," exclaimed Sibbart.

"We should have kicked him into the gutter, sir," said Wickem, "only he was so polite and genteel about it that we thought we'd give him a chance to explain."

"And did he?" asked Sibbart.

"He did, sir," responded Wickem, "and that's where the queer part of the business comes in. 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'have you any dogs to sell?' 'Moother's sendin' me a basket o' rare tarrier poops thro' Bradford i' Yorksher. Tha's 'eeärd o' Yorksher tarriers, hesn't ta, lad?' says Barker, who spoke, sir, simply for the fun of the thing, as is his way at times, because nobody knows what he means except one or two of us fellow Yorkshire men."

"Go on, go on," said Sibbart, with a smile. He was becoming interested and amused in spite of himself.

"Well, sir, the native asked us to step into his house, up the passage, and talk the matter over there in quietness and safety. He brought plenty of liquor out, and Barker helped himself freely."

"As usual," muttered Sibbart.

"'If you've got any dogs of good breed to sell,' said the native—for I'd told him what Barker meant, so that I might see what the man was driving at—'I'd buy them. I can always sell them to the rajahs round about here.' 'T' poops I'm talkin' abaht,' says Barker, 'are tip-top. They're worth twenty rewpies a-piece if they're worth a damn. I'm tradin' t' colonel fur one fur a knur-an'-spell machine 'e brout thro' 'ooäm, an' I'm givin' anoother to t' captain uv ahr coomp'ny fur owd acquaintance sake—an' 'e's jolly partic'ler abaht 'is dogs, I can tell tha. If it worrnt 'at 'e's raythor partial ta Airedale tarriers I sud nivver ha' offered 'im one.'"

Wickem coughed apologetically. "I'm mentioning this, sir, without prejudice to Barker, and just to lead up to the point and make my case complete. 'Don't you belong to the Dark Light Infantry?' said the native suddenly. 'Aye,' said Barker, 'doos ta think 'at we belong to t' gooners or t' Millisher?' 'You had some rifles stolen a week or two ago,' said the native, looking Barker straight in the face. 'By Gow!' said Barker, 'tha'rt icin t' marrer i' my booäns by talkin' like that. W'at-ivver doos ta meeän?' 'I know all about them, and who stole them,' said the native, in a low voice. He seemed to read Barker's thoughts, sir, although he couldn't understand his language. 'T' devil tha doos!' says Barker; 'I wish I knew whooä copt mine; I'd let 'im hev' t' booït-end on 'is 'ide!' 'Ah,' said the native, '*they weren't stolen—they were sold by soldiers to natives!*'"

Captain Sibbart started from his chair. "Why didn't you bring the fellow straight before me?" he demanded.



STARTED FROM HIS CHAIR.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I thought I knew a better way than that," replied the orderly. "I egged him on, lured him into a trap, so to speak. I've had a special training for that sort of thing, sir. I told him at first we hadn't any guns, and made out that I was mightily angry. 'Ah,' he said slyly, 'you go and see, and meet me here to-morrow, and see if we can't arrange things. The English Tommy is a special friend of mine!' 'If I coom,' said Barker, who was nearly sober, and very grave, sir, 'I'll bet I carry thee afore t' captain by t' scroof o' thi neck. I'll mak' it 'ot for tha'!' The native didn't take much notice of Bar-

ker, sir; in fact, he'd only listened politely to him, not knowing what he said—Barker not speaking English, sir." Wickem coughed somewhat loftily. "But he turned to me again and said: 'If you hav'n't any guns, you know, you can still come back and tell me about the dogs.'

"And now, sir," said Private Wickem, having stated his case, "what 'm I to do?"

The captain thought hard. Being young, he had visions of performing some masterly act that would reflect upon him glory and honour, and penetrate even to the far-away regions of Pall Mall. "By gad!" he muttered, "there may be the germ of another mutiny in this; and if so, and I stop it, and it becomes known that I stopped it—and I'll take good care it does—there's no telling where things may end. God bless my soul! A man's become a general from smaller beginnings than this." Captain Sibbart's brain was beginning to reel at the magnitude of the possibilities of the case. "It's the germ of another mutiny, as sure as I live," he murmured, rising and pacing the floor in agitation.

"It's a—what—er?" asked Private Wickem, who had been listening with painful attention. "That is—er—what did you say I was to do, sir?"

"One moment, Wickem," said the Captain, thinking still.

"Mumbling about mutiny," said Private Wickem within himself, not without the suspicion of a shudder. "I wonder if I ought to have kept the thing to myself and seen the colonel privately? Hang it, a thing like that would fetch a commission."

"Wickem," said the officer at last.

"Sir," said the orderly.

"Listen carefully to what I'm about to tell you, and carry out my orders to the letter. Meet the fellow—you know who I mean?"

The private nodded.

"Meet him at noon, as you've arranged, and tell him you're prepared to sell him six Martinis."

"May I make a note of this, sir?" interrupted the private tremblingly, and producing a used envelope of ragged appearance, and a stump of lead pencil; the only writing materials he could lay hands on.

"Certainly not," said Sibbart; "why should you?"

"Might come in as evidence, sir," replied Wickem evasively.

"Against whom?" demanded the officer.

"Nobody, sir," stammered the orderly.

"Then why do you want to put into existence such a dangerous thing as a document?" asked Sibbart. "A thing that, fifty to one, you'd lose and somebody else would find. Can't you trust your memory? If not, I'll send for ——."

"Oh, yes, sir," broke in the baffled schemer, "it was mere force of habit—a relic of old days. I've a splendid memory." His memory was, indeed, strong enough, for he found himself going back to the old police-court days and hearing the illiterate magistrate mumble, "And I give you clearly to understand that whatever you may now say may be taken down in writing, and used in evidence against you upon your trial."

"Then listen," proceeded Sibbart. "You'll arrange a price, and tell the fellow you'll lower the rifles from an embrasure in the wall of the Fort at midnight, and that he must arrange a signal to let you know he's there—you understand?"

"Every syllable, sir," returned Wickem.

"I'm obliged to leave the Fort till to-night," concluded the officer, "but when I come back be in perfect readiness, and have the colour-sergeant with you."

Wickem saluted, and Sibbart was alone.

When the orderly and the colour-sergeant were summoned by Sibbart on his return, Wickem said, "I've made all the arrangements, sir, and everything's in apple-pie order. I'm to lower the Martinis from an embrasure at the bastion at the south end of the Fort. The native is to pay twenty rupees for each rifle, and we've agreed upon a low whistle as a signal."

"That's all right," said Sibbart, looking at his watch. Then he ordered six men, armed with cricket-stumps, to fall in at once under the colour-sergeant.

The men fell in joyfully, but an unforeseen difficulty arose. How were they to be got out of the Fort, for the moon was shining brightly, and two or three natives were loitering outside, watching the main-guard gate?

Sibbart pondered, but he saw no way out of it. "Wickem isn't any good," he mused; "the colour-sergeant is good at carrying out orders, but nothing at initiating a move. There's only one man can do it. Send Terriss here," he added aloud.

Private Michael Terriss was watching the squad with hungry eyes, trying, but in vain, to determine what it all meant. He was smoking a short pipe of blackened clay, and between the puffs was endeavouring to convince the colour-sergeant, by means of certain obscure hints, that he possessed Captain Sibbart's entire confidence.

"It was me, sargint," he said, "who put the captain on to this, an' it's me who's got the hang of it all in me own head."

"Is it?" said the sergeant. "Then you must have second sight, for I'm hanged if I know fairly what the captain's after."



"WE'VE AGREED UPON A LOW WHISTLE AS A SIGNAL."

"His design is uv the most innocent description," said Terriss, "an' uv the soort that extinds peace and goodwill on earth."

The sergeant smiled. "Would you care to tell me, Terriss," he said, "as you seem to know such a lot, just what we're going to do, and how we're going to do it?"

"That," said Terriss, gravely, "I'm forbidden to do; but if you'll indicate your orders, I may go so far as to tell you if they're what the captain an' me have talked about."

"I wasn't hatched yesterday!" said the sergeant, and the squad, knowing it was meant for humour, laughed admiringly.

"Ah, well," said Terriss, loftily, "I can afford to wait until ——"

"Captain Sibbart wants you at once, Terriss," said Wickem, hurrying up to the squad.

Terriss took the pipe from his mouth, stuffed his finger into the bowl, slipped the clay up his sleeve, and after looking at the sergeant with mingled pity and scorn, marched off with the orderly.

"Tell me, Terriss," said the captain, when the genial blackguard stood before him, "how you manage to break out of barracks at night?"

Terriss stared, and the pipe fell from his sleeve, unknown to him, and broke upon the floor; but he made no answer.

"Did you hear?" demanded the officer.

"Break out uv barrucks—*me*, surr?" said Terriss, wonderingly. "I couldn't do it; it's agenst the Regulations uv the Queen."

"Come, come," said Sibbart, "there's nothing in it to hurt you; it's only a little affair with cricket-stumps. I want you to get half-a-dozen men out of the Fort without their being seen."

"Crickutt-stoomps!" exclaimed Private Terriss; "there's not a stick on earth cooms nearer to the shillelagh uv me native coontry."

"Apart from that," said Sibbart, biting his lip to preserve order on his countenance, "tell me how you think we can best manage it—you know what I mean—you've heard all about the affair, I dare say."

"Whin I was in the little doost at Ballycannon," said Terriss reminiscently, his only object being to gain time to think; "before I 'listed—in truth that's what I 'listed for—we hid the shillelaghs oonder wer' ——"

"Never mind Ballycannon," said Sibbart. "It has nothing in the world to do with this business."

"It's the pride uv me moother an' the glory uv her declinin' years—if she's still livin'—to think and talk uv it."

"We know all about it," protested the officer.

"Ther's not a sowl in the army knows, surr, becoss I've nivver breathed a word uv it to mortal man."

"If we haven't heard of that, we've heard of things as bad," said Sibbart helplessly.

"It's the first dooty uv a good an' able gin'ral," proceeded Terriss didactically, "to hide from the inimy the strength an' disposition uv his foorces. On this occasion a body uv six troops is to be smoogled away from the city walls, an' in case they're seen it's necessary to have ther' armamint hidden. That bein' so, I mentioned Ballycannon as a preecident, an' drew a likeness betwixt the crickutt stoomps an' shillelaghs. With your permission, surr," said Terriss, who was totally ignoring the officer, "I'd like to tell uv the disposal uv the shillelaghs at Ballycannon."

"Well, what did you do?" asked Sibbart, as the simplest method of gaining his ends; "where did you hide the shillelaghs?"

"Uv coorse I'm to be one uv the little party, surr?" observed Terriss confidently.

"The men are already chosen," said the officer.

"Then, surr," said Terriss softly, "me memory fails me as to where the shillelaghs wint on that ivintful night, an' as to how I'm accoostomed to get away from the Foort."



THE PIPE FELL FROM HIS SLEEVE

The captain glanced angrily at the private, but Terriss looked thoughtfully into vacancy over the captain's head.

"Of course you're to be one of the party," said Sibbart desperately; "why else should I wish you to come here? I want you to lead them unseen out of the Fort, for the main-guard gate is being watched."

"Beg pardon, surr," said Terriss, with deep humility, "I misoonderstood, as it's me nature soomtimes to do."

"Where did you put the things, and how do you get out?" said the officer irritably.

"Inside the left leg uv wer trousers," said Terriss, "an' whin the time fur action coom, we slipped 'em out like swoords from ther scabbards."

"It was not a bad idea," said Sibbart, biting his lip harder than ever.

"It was me own," proceeded Terriss, proudly, "an' I'll apply it to the men. They put the stoomps down the inside uv ther breeches, surr, so they'll lie snoog agenst the leg, with the tip toocked into the top uv the boot. Thin at the word uv command, the stoomps are drawn, an' business begins. If you'll leave the whole thing to me, I'll get the men unseen out uv the Foort, an' work out your idea an' me own together. As the ould book says, surr, there's wisdom in a mooltitude uv counsellors."

"The rogue doesn't mean to let his secret out," thought Sibbart, as Terriss, dazed with joy, saluted and left him; "but for curiosity's sake, I'll watch and see how it's done."

He came to know afterwards that the Irishman's mode of escape was simply to scale a quiet part of the wall by means of a thin stout cord, to one end of which a light strong hook was fastened. When the iron stuck in a crevice at the top, Terriss mounted, and, having fixed the hook again, descended on the other side. "The beauty in the whole thing is," Terriss was accustomed to tell himself, "you can carry the apparatus round your waist, genteelly hidden from the sight uv pryin' eyes."

Sibbart's orders to the colour-sergeant were precise. They were that the party should work round to a point half-a-mile from the Fort, and then extend to about fifty paces, coming back in a semi-circle, gradually decreasing their intervals in the advance towards the bastion, where he

was to be stationed, but not to come within two-hundred yards until he shouted "Close." Upon hearing this signal, the men were to rush in and capture any natives they might find, using their weapons as gently as possible.

"Oh, Lord," said Terriss, when he heard of it, "the man who can invent a scheme like that's the future Djook uv Wellington. Pos'tively the stoomp's miltin' in me hand fur want uv exercise."

"Now, Wickem," said Sibbart, when he had seen the last of Terriss and his party, "come with me to the bastion, and don't exceed my instructions by a hair's breadth."

"No, sir," said Wickem, who already felt the sash of the colour-sergeant over his shoulder.

It wanted but five minutes to midnight when three natives worked stealthily up to the bastion at which Wickem and the captain were stationed.

"Is that you?" said the orderly, when he heard a soft whistle.

"Yes," replied one of the natives in a low voice.



DESCENDED ON THE OTHER SIDE.

"Send up the money then," said Wickem, "and I'll lower the rifles. Here they are—half-a-dozen, tied with rope, all ready for carrying off."

"No, no," said the native; "you lower the rifles, and I'll put the rupees on the same rope and you can pull up."

"Be hanged to that," said the orderly, who was not prepared for this difficulty.

"Parley with them," whispered Sibbart, who was crouching near the wall; "anything to gain time."

"I'm not sure I won't draw out of it," said the orderly, taking the hint. "It's a frightfully risky business — the game isn't worth the candle, after all."

"No, no," said the native, in serious alarm. "Here, take the money first. Send down the string for it."

"N—no," returned the orderly, hesitatingly. "I'm afraid I'll have to take the things back; it means gaol if I'm found out."

"Six twenties are one hundred and twenty rupees," said the native hoarsely. "Think of that; you can leave India and get back home again with such a sum as that."

"There's about a dozen of us to join at it," said Wickem, wandering far from truth in his zeal for his mission.

"Bah!" said the native, "the rest need never see the money; you can keep it all, and make off with it."

"A man who can talk like that can manufacture spurious coins," said Wickem virtuously. "How do I know your money isn't counterfeit?"

"The rupees are as good and honest as the Queen of England's sovereigns," said the native earnestly. "I'll send one up for you to test; you can bite it with your teeth."

"You speak English jolly well," said the orderly irrelevantly. "Where the devil did you pick it up?"

"My good friend," the native pleaded, "send the rifles down."

"Look here," whispered Wickem, "say an extra twenty rupees, and the guns are yours."

"Capital, capital," murmured Sibbart, who was suffering poignantly in his cramped position.

"Count 'em out, then I'll check 'em, and the lot's yours," continued the orderly.

"It's a breach of faith," protested the native.

"All right then; good night, my friend, better business next time you come," said Wickem airily. "Now I'll put the things back where they came from, and then I sha'n't feel so queer about the internals as I do now."

"No, no; just one moment," urged the native, as, with trembling fingers, he put

the money into a little calico bag. "Now, pull it up, ever so gently, and lower your Martinis, and we will go. This is becoming dangerous."

Wickem lowered a piece of twine, and was slowly, very slowly, drawing up the money when a shrill whistle was heard.

"The colour-sergeant's signal!" exclaimed the orderly.

"Close!" roared Sibbart, springing up and bounding to Wickem's side.

"Draw yer stoomps an' fall on 'em like the wind uv vengeance!" shouted Private Terriss, darting from his place in the ranks and wielding his weapon like a fury.

When the colour-sergeant and his party doubled in, and Terriss loomed forth like an evil spirit, the natives, with cries of terror, fled before them.

"Ah! ye divvle, would ye?" said Terriss, dealing mighty strokes with his stump and blows as hard with his unarmed fist. "Ye'll coom with me into the Foort, my dusky beauty," he added, falling upon the spokesman of the party and handling him badly. "Sargint," he commanded, "be after the thin-legged nigger that's bruck my weapon by collidin' with it on his shins."

"There's one got clear away," muttered Sibbart disappointedly; "but the men have captured two of them."

"And one of them—that tall fellow—is the chief of the gang, sir." said the enraptured orderly.

"It's a jolly good night's work," observed the captain, employing for once a vulgar phrase.

In excellent spirits, Sibbart ordered a "frog's march" round by the gate, and the prisoners, protesting sorely, were lodged in the regimental cells.

"Nipped in the very bud, whatever it was," thought Sibbart, as he turned himself over to sleep. "My own impression is that it's a case of another mutiny."

Next morning Sibbart, accompanied by Terriss, visited the cells.

"Search these men carefully, Terriss," he said, "and any papers you find hand carefully over to me."

"I protest, sir," said the tall native, "against treatment like this. We are as much under the command of the authorities as you are."

"We shall see," remarked the officer, drily. "Perhaps you'll tell me how it is you come to be dressed like ordinary Pathans?"

"That I can easily explain," returned the spokesman. "We were out on special duty."

"And encountered special and unexpected difficulties," said Sibbart.

"And for our duty we needed special disguises," continued the native.

"You should ha' put leg-gyards on your shanks an' bolsters round your heads," thought Terriss.

"We were on a mission of the first importance," proceeded the tall prisoner.

"As to which, surr," observed Terriss, triumphantly, "these suspicious papers, lookin' like foorged discharges, may be useful."

"Ah," said Sibbart eagerly, taking one or two papers from the private, "what have we here?"

"My certificates, sir," said the native with dignity, "showing, as you see, that I have passed certain examinations in Government schools in this very city."

The documents were as their owner



"SEARCH THESE MEN CAREFULLY TERRISS."

described them, and for a moment the captain felt uneasy.

"There's nothing else, surr," said Terriss, after turning the captives inside out.

"Now, what have you to say?" asked Sibbart.

"I complain," said the leader pompously, "I complain of brutal treatment at the hands of your troops. I was struck a blow up and a blow down in the same moment—the first under my chin, and the second down on my eyes."

"It's the sort uv thing I've known happen at Ballycannon to a priest, surr, whin he's bin lookin' fur a match in his nightshirt," said Terriss compassionately, "an' he's stroock the foot uv the bedstead soodently. Maybe your features got knocked agenst a tree in lookin' fur the main-gyard gate."

"There was no tree," said the native scornfully; "and what of my companion, and how came the straight blue marks across his legs?"

"'Tis possible," replied Terriss, unmoved, "that he roon his shins in the darkness tilt agenst a fallen troonk. I've known 'em do it in the owld coontry after the fair. Or it may be the bloo blood uv his fathers within him."

"The one was done by the fist of man," continued the official, ignoring the private and addressing Sibbart; "the other was caused by a stick."

"Begad it's true," said Terriss privately, "an' how your owld jaws clattered, an' how that owld thief's shanks rattled oonder the application uv the crickutt-stoomp. It'll be the pleasure uv me after years to think uv it."



"ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, WHAT YOU HAVE DONE?"

"I protest, too," said the native, "against the degradation of our capture and the manner in which we were brought into the Fort. We were carried face downwards, and our backs were not spared sharp blows from cowardly men who sprang upon us out of the darkness."

"That, surr," exclaimed Terriss, "is the frog's march—a movement which has bin added to the drill-book by Her Majesty's command, for the special benefit uv droonken troops an' wanderin' thieves."

"Terriss," said Sibbart, whose self-

control was vanishing, "go to the orderly-room and get me the *Army List*, and have it ready for me in my quarters."

"You have not yet explained who you are and what your mission is," said Sibbart.

"Here comes the inspector from the City Police Station," said the spokesman; "he will set all things right."

"I hope he will," said Sibbart; "they need it."

The inspector was a fussy little man, with large and growing ideas as to his own importance in the world. He bustled round and about the prisoners, and occasionally paused to glare at the captain.

"Are you aware, sir," he asked Sibbart at last, "what you have done?"

"Precisely what I should do again in the same circumstances," answered the captain; "I think I have caused the arrest of a pair of dangerous men."

The inspector advanced, and with a smile of pity, laid a hand on Sibbart's shoulder. "My good sir—" he began.

"Captain Sibbart, if you please," said the officer coldly. "And we shall get on quite as well if you will remove your hand."

"This lofty talk is charming in its place," sneered the inspector, "but it may not be so lofty before the end of this affair is seen."

"Be good enough, sir, to say what your duty entitles you to say, and no more," said the captain.

"Well then," exclaimed the inspector, "this," turning to the voluble Indian, "is a detective in the railway police! This," turning to the other captive, "is a paid informer to the same police! But more than that, sir—far more than that—*these men were specially appointed to find out whether soldiers sold their rifles, or whether natives stole them!*"

The inspector stepped two paces backward, folded his fat arms majestically, and waited for the captain to speak. To his amazement. Sibbart did not utter a word. He was, for the moment, too much stunned to make a sound, but he rapidly determined upon his plan of action.

"Mutiny—Pall Mall—Heaven forbid I should ever let it be known what I imagined I was so cleverly performing," he thought. "My course is clear—I forward a report of the whole of this grotesque business to the colonel and the adjutant-general of the district, and decline to bandy words with this outrageous creature."

"Did you hear what I said?" asked the astonished little official.

"Quite well," answered Sibbart curtly.

"Then, sir, what have you to say to it?"

"Only this," replied the captain slowly, "they deserved all they got—I'm sorry it wasn't more."

"Stop, sir, stop!" commanded the outraged inspector, as Sibbart made a movement towards the door. "You have not yet heard all. *You are liable to an action for wrongful imprisonment!*"

"Any further communication on this subject must be made to my commanding officer," returned Sibbart. "The fellows are at liberty to go," he added contemptuously; "only, for their own sakes, I hope they'll keep their real mission a secret from the men of my company for, at any rate, a day or two."

Before the inspector could recover his speech Sibbart had gone. "You fools!" exclaimed the official in a fury, turning upon and rending his own charge. "Next time you've work like this to do, see, before you begin it, that you've men as idiotic as yourselves to deal with. Go, and, unless somebody else mentions this wretched business, keep quiet tongues in your heads."

The two walked off silently, and the inspector walked off also, his little eyes rolling with anger.

"Wonder what the devil all this means," murmured Private Wickem, who had prepared a rude drawing of himself as a field officer.

"Lookin' at me, surr, an' woonderin' what I'm doin'?" asked Terriss politely, as the inspector passed him.

Terriss was splicing a broken cricket stump with the help of a jack-knife and a piece of string.

"I'm puttin' together the fragments uv an owld crickutt stoomp that's bin shivered by the hardest divvle uv a bowler outside uv Ballycannon!"

Pens and Pencils of the Press.

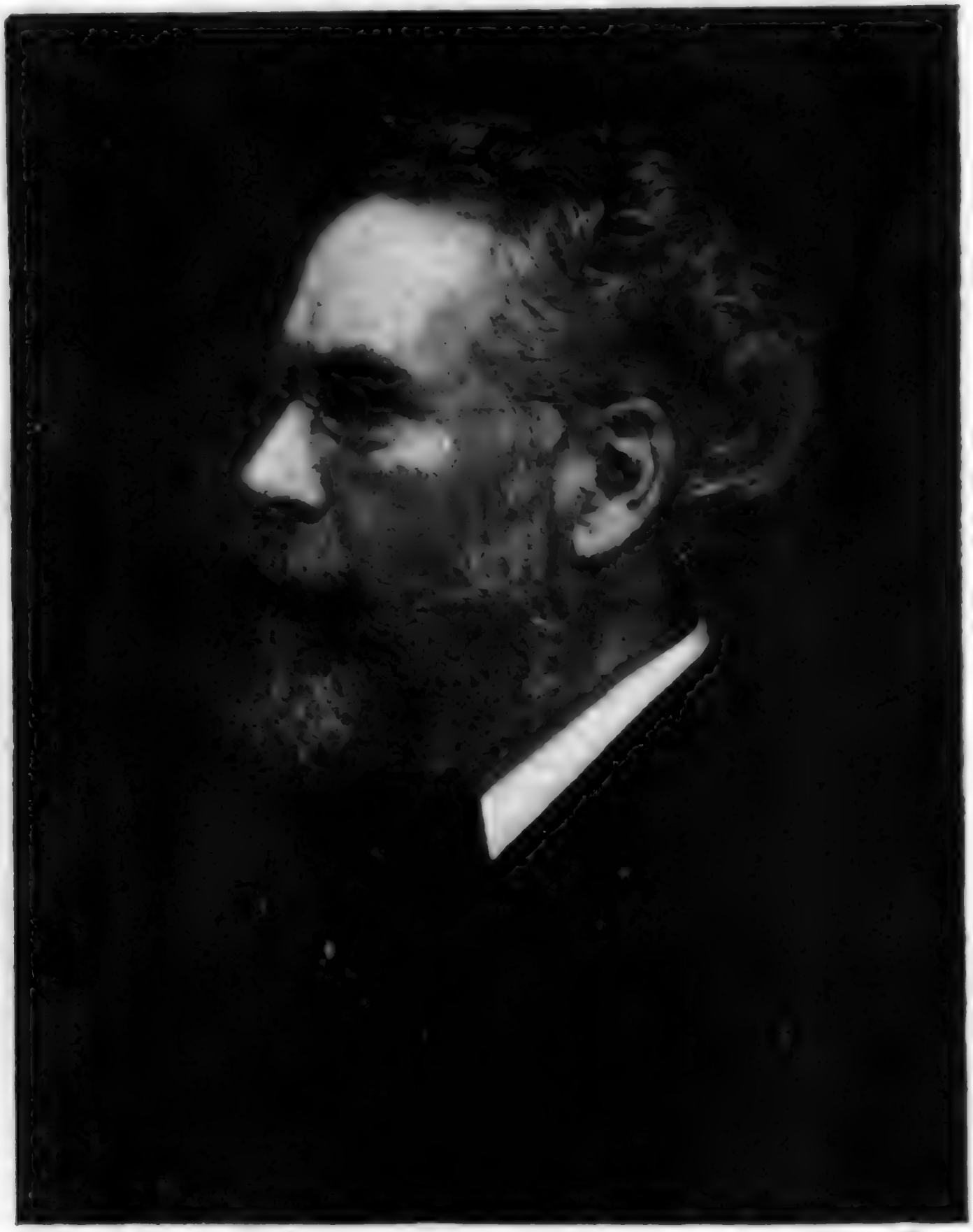
By JOSEPH HATTON,

Author of "Journalistic London," "By Order of the Czar," 'Under the Great Seal," &c., &c.

Sir Edward Russell.

IT is understood to be the fixed opinion of Mr. Gladstone that the provincial press is better informed and more powerful than contemporary London journalism. If the ex-Premier counts the electoral votes that may be influenced by the newspapers of the great cities the question of political power may be conceded. For a comparison of the contents of the London and country newspapers one would have to consider too curiously the various classes of "information." The days when such cities as Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, Liverpool, Leeds and Birmingham were content to make up their journals chiefly from the London papers, and echo in their leading columns the opinions of Fleet Street, have long since passed away. The country paper is now as original as its London contemporary; and while there are provincial papers worthy of London, there are London journals not unworthy of the highest estimate of the critical North. It must always be that the London paper is more imperial in its scope and mission than the country paper and the country paper more local than the London paper. Each fills its place admirably, no doubt, and London is fully alive to the value of public opinion, political and imperial, expressed by the leading journals of the great cities, some of which said cities are themselves metropolises with "provinces" more correctly so-called than they are called provinces of London—notably Manchester, the centre of a population of seven or eight millions, and latterly a rival to the port of Liverpool.

It is possible that when Mr. Gladstone made his comparison between London and the provinces he was contemplating the critical mood of the one and the geniality of the other. Statesmen are only human. There was a time, not so very long ago, when London was as hostile to Mr. Gladstone as the provinces were favourable. It was probably in something of Mr. Gladstone's condition of mind that Mr. Disraeli, in the early years of the penny dailies, when the *Morning Star* was making sober citizens shiver with its democratic editorials, remarked to a certain London journalist who had the privilege of calling upon him in the political interests of a great Conservative journal, "I think the *Morning Star* is the best London paper." Rabid as some of its political views were considered to be, the *Star* was, undoubtedly, a bright and clever journal, hitting out from the shoulder, and in good Saxon English. There was no hunting up of new words among the *Star* writers. They did not garnish their work with French and Latin phrases; they were not constantly studying synonyms. They wrote English and wrote it simply, and Mr. John Bright, I believe, was an occasional contributor to the Radical organ. Mr. Edward Russell, now Sir Edward Russell and the well-known editor and part proprietor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, was a member of the *Star* staff. He has always been a master of style—never a pedant, never a mere phrase maker. Recently at a banquet given in his honour by the journalists of Liverpool to congratulate him upon his knighthood, and to bear witness of their appreciation of his comradeship in the walk of journalism and letters, Sir Edward spoke of this subject of style. They had occasionally read, he said, of "newspaper English," and some of them thought the phrase an unfounded jeer and gibe against the literary methods



From a Photo. by] SIR EDWARD RUSSELL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

or manner of writing. He advised his friends and colleagues, young and old, to be careful to check themselves, in the haste with which "copy" had often to be prepared, from falling into slovenly habits. They should always write as well as they could, and never pass over the smallest piece of manuscript until they had made it as good as they could make it. The style of a newspaper appeared to him to be a matter of the very greatest consequence, because it entered into the worth of what was written. "Style is a great part of worth, and if the style is not good the production is likely to be bad." The high qualities of a newspaper writer might be placed in a definite order, and first among these he would name insight, the second force, the third distinction, and the fourth grace. "It is no use," he said, "a writer on a newspaper having grace unless he has distinction, and no use having distinction unless he has force, and it is worse than folly to have force if he has not a proper insight into the facts with which he has to deal."

Sir Edward, in this brief lesson in journalistic writing, was unconsciously enumerating the very qualifications which had stood him in good stead since his first essay in that direction of work; but he was never content with the newspaper as his only medium of literary expression. He has been a student all

his life, a pamphleteer, an author and a critic. Above all things, he seems to have loved the art of the theatre. He has written, not only in the newspapers, but in periodicals that have a longer life. To the high-class reviews he has contributed theatrical criticisms that have shown the grace, the force, the distinction and the insight of which he spoke to his contemporaries at the Liverpool banquet; while his latest treatise upon Ibsen and the controversy which has raged in London over the Norwegian author's claims to the title of dramatist has been discussed by London critics with temper and respect—no small tribute to the judicial and the masterly judgment of the Liverpool journalist.

Sir Edward Russell has had the advantage of a combined metropolitan and country training. He is a Londoner born and bred. It was in the Barbican where he first saw the light, and in the year 1834. His father was a bookbinder, in politics a Radical, and his grandfather was a composer of sacred music well known in his day. It has been well suggested that Sir Edward has shown in his career and work these two strains of character and artistic tendency. He began life as an assistant librarian, then became a solicitor's clerk—an occupation he presently changed for that of a schoolmaster. He was a great reader, loved literature, and, so soon as he found that he had something to say and discovered at the same time a certain facility in saying it, he dropped letters into the editorial letter-box of the *Morning Chronicle*, as Jerrold and Dickens had dropped their first contributions to literature before him. He felt impelled to discuss the terms of peace with Russia in 1856, and that was the subject of his first essay. It was in the shape of a letter. The first article for which he was paid appeared in the *Leisure Hour*. From this platform, however, he fell to the *Islington Gazette*. The local paper offered him permanent employment. After a probation at Islington, he inserted an advertisement in the *Athenæum* with a view to a better position, and the result was an invitation from Mr. M. J. Whitty, the then editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, to become his assistant. Here he found the work he could do and the work he liked. There is no better training ground for the higher journalism than the office of a first-class provincial paper. The probation is full of variety. It is what the stock company was in the old days to the art of the stage, and similarly it was the stepping-stone to London. The young journalist on a country paper gets his chance in every department. Young Russell took over all kinds of local subjects, wrote descriptive matter, attended public functions, wrote leaders and varied this and other work with theatrical criticism. He was at home here, for he had had London experience on the *Islington Gazette*. It does not matter where your manuscript is set up and printed so that you do your best. It is often mere chance that the medium he cares for opens up to the new writer. The youthful critic would have written no more earnestly if he had been engaged by the *Times*. Nor is he the first who has begun a brilliant career on a provincial or suburban journal of no particular mark. De Quincey edited some little paper in the North. Mr. George Meredith wrote for a country paper. Mr. Barrie may have had "A Window in Thrums" in his mind for years before he made a book of it, but he was a newspaper man in a Midland town.

Several years of successful work at Liverpool established Sir Edward in the highest estimation of Mr. Whitty, who offered to retain his services at double the salary he had paid him, and with the concession of a limited partnership. Fortune just then seemed to have her hands full of good things for Mr. Russell. The *Morning Star* invited him back to London and he accepted the flattering proposal. His most important duties took him to the House of Commons, where his experience of men and parties has been of great value to him as a political writer. He was from 1860 to 1867 author of the *Star's* parliamentary article. Apart from his more serious daily essay in the *Star*, he contributed a descriptive sketch of the House of Commons during the several sessions that covered seven years to the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the *Scotsman*, the *Sheffield Independent* and a number of other important country journals. While still following in the footsteps of his Radical outspoken father, his pictures of the House of Commons had in them a judicial touch. If they were critical, the habit of fair judgment was not absent from them. An eye for character, a feeling for colour, the artistic instinct for a scene, and the dramatic power of putting it into an attractive

form made an equally good showing. There was something of Shirley Brooks's elegance of touch in his work, and Shirley was reckoned one of the most graceful of light horsemen. I remember his London Letter work well, and the writer too—a man of ideas and a stickler for literary style.

Sir Edward also held another position of mark on the *Star*. He succeeded Mr. Leicester Buckingham as its dramatic critic. How well he must have done this work has been shown over and over again by his published criticisms of plays and players in various directions, and in his very remarkable study of Mr. Irving's Hamlet in the early days of that great actor's Shakespearian performances. Sir Edward first saw Mr. Irving in Liverpool when he was a young actor in the Prince of Wales's stock company, ever since which he has not only been one of his most appreciative critics but his intimate personal friend. When Sir Edward was elected member of Parliament for the Bridgeton division of Glasgow his London friends congratulated themselves that during the period of his duties in town they would once more meet him in the artistic circles of Upper Bohemia as well as in political society; and once more, for a time, he became a prominent figure at important public functions, but this did not last. It was found that the *Liverpool Daily Post* needed his personal attention in Liverpool, and he had to relinquish his parliamentary career, in which he had already made some mark. The question of how far a journalist can combine the active duties of the editorship of a daily paper with a seat in Parliament is a question often discussed. One would imagine that, without a doubt, the interests of a political journal must be well served by having, if not for its chief, at least one of its staff a member of Parliament. During Sir Edward Russell's attendance in the House the *Liverpool Daily Post* had, without doubt, the advantage of special information and inspired views that could only have been obtained through Sir Edward being in personal touch with the great actors behind the scenes of parliamentary life. Among the friends Sir Edward made during his career on the *Morning Star* were Mr. John Bright, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, Mr. John Morley and Mr. Gladstone. He was introduced to the ex-Premier by his brother, Mr. Robert Gladstone. It is well known that Mr. Gladstone is a regular reader of the *Liverpool Daily Post*. The acquaintanceship of the journalist and the statesman soon ripened into a friendship which has been close and enduring. Mr. Gladstone was on almost similar terms with another prominent provincial journalist, Mr. Wemyss Reed, who for many years was the editorial chief of the *Leeds Mercury*. One can well understand that the ex-Premier might easily form an exalted view of the provincial press from a constant study of those two well-known Liberal organs, conducted by two of his most accomplished and masterful supporters.

Sir William Leng.

I had talked with Charles Reade about Sir William Leng, of Sheffield, before I had the pleasure of making the famous journalist's acquaintance, some fifteen years or more ago. The author of "Put Yourself in His Place" had drawn his inspiration and his facts from the files of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, whose editor and proprietor had conducted it literally for many months with a pen in one hand and a revolver in the other. There is nothing that I know of in American journalism that, for steady pluck on one side and persistent devilry on the other, compares with the dramatic story of the English editor's fight. The contest of my late friend, Mr. Louis Jennings, M.P., with the Tweed Ring in New York, is an exciting story and an experience full of dangers, but in romantic interest it is eclipsed by Leng's breaking up of the Broadhead conspiracy in Sheffield, in which the journalist had for his open and declared enemy the most fearless and uncompromising desperado in the criminal history of trade outrages. I had seen and met American journalists who had killed their men; but in every case the trouble was of short duration, the danger brief as it was acute. The main question was which man got at his pistol first. In each case the visitor, with his grievance and his gun, was expected, and the editor had taken care to be ready for him. But the Sheffield editor had to live through a long period of peril, of plots against his life, of murderous shadowing, while all the time the conspiracy which he was attacking went on with its deadly work. It was one man fighting in the open an enemy

that worked in the dark, and with a powerful backing of money and the aid of silent allies and emissaries, an enemy that stopped at nothing, not even at murder.

Sir William Leng is a born fighter. He looks his character. He impressed me with his mental and physical vigour, his



Photo. by] SIR WILLIAM LENG. [*Savory, Scarborough.*

frank, cordial manner, his outspoken opinions, and his evident enjoyment of work when I met him during a tour that I made for the *New York Times*, as a student of the condition of English trade in its great centres of production, more particularly with regard to the influences of our fiscal regulations, which at that time were much discussed in and out of Parliament by a new party in the State, who called themselves Fair Traders. The series of articles, which was the outcome of my investigations, attracted a good deal of attention, and were referred to in an important debate in Congress; and I remember that one of my most interesting conversations upon the subject of Free Trade was with Sir William Leng, the hero of the Sheffield Commission, on trade outrages, and the man whose sturdy fulfilment of the great duty he had set

himself had given Charles Reade the cue for one of his best novels. Since those days I have had other opportunities of meeting Sir William Leng, and I have been in the habit of reading his paper. Harking back to the question of comparison between the London and provincial press, I venture to say that there is much to be learnt by every young journalist, wherever he may be engaged and in whatever branch of his profession, from the methods and the manliness, the honesty and the thoroughness, of Sir William Leng. He and Sir Edward Russell belong to different political camps. One is knighted through the recommendation of a Liberal Premier, the other by the advice of a Conservative. They are none the less models of conduct and work worthy of either side and both sides, and in these "Pens and Pencils of the Press" account is taken of the manner in which a man has carried his pen rather than the political side upon which he has used it. Happily the journalist has many calls upon his sympathies and his support entirely outside of national politics, and in many matters of art and literature and other æsthetic subjects, no doubt the two journalist knights that occupy these present pages would be entirely and cordially in agreement.

Sir William Leng's journalistic method differs from the conventional practice to which more than one leading newspaper are slaves, namely, that of writing what may be called omnibus leaders, taking in every subject or speaker that happens to be on the road during the day or night, articles which amount to mere summaries of events and speeches held together by loose threads of comment. It does not imply any want of respect for the journalistic monarchy in Printing House Square to remark, by the way, that the *Times* is a most conspicuous example of this editorial conventionalism, and the *Daily Telegraph* its very opposite. Now, Sir William Leng's method, in contrast with that of the *Times*, is propagandist, his points are his own, his subjects are specific and definite. At the end of a Leng article the sympathetic reader feels that his convictions are strengthened by what he has read; and, on the other hand, the reader who does not agree with the views the writer has advocated feels that he has got something to answer. Ephemeral matters that crop up one day to disappear in a week rarely engage Sir William's interest. His themes are large and lasting. Day by day he will attack some big controversial subject, pounding away at the enemy with shot and shell from his own arsenal, in season and out of season. It is not, therefore, necessary that his leaders should always be written at night. There are conventional leader-writers who would be staggered to find Sir William in his shirt-sleeves at eleven or twelve in the day writing or dictating his work for the next morning. The difference between them and him is that, whereas many of them merely have a column of space to fill, on say the previous night's parliamentary debate, or on Lord So-and-So's speech, he has a mission as a leader of thought, and is independent of speeches and meetings and time. He has, however, this great advantage over most leader-writers; he is his own editor, the paper in which he writes is his own paper, he is under nobody else's direction; and what a difference this may make many a leader-writer who is hampered by instructions and a policy not his own could readily explain. All the same, Sir William is exceptional in his work, and the earnestness and energy with which he pursues it. He has often been known to begin his editorial writing at noon on Friday, and compose the whole of the leading matter for Saturday's paper himself, with occasionally two or three articles on various aspects of the same subject. Many readers would, no doubt, grow tired of the seemingly everlasting subject, and with any other writer it might have become intolerable. But the trenchant, original and masterly force of Sir William's style would compel men to read him. Few journalists of his day have approached him in his twofold command of strength and grace, reverberating force in serious argument and delicate irony in playful fence. He was probably seen at his best in his articles on coffin-ships and Russian aggression. These things stirred him. He had studied the subjects and understood them. He wrote with the driving power of intense feeling behind his pen. Mr. Samuel Plimsoll was moved by Sir William's shipping articles to make the rescue of English sailors the chief object of his life. He has said frankly that he should never have taken the matter up but for the editorial articles in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

The story of the Broadhead tragedies has been told in a work on "Yorkshire Leaders," by Mr. C. A. Press, a local journalist. It is fully narrated and in startling detail in the Blue Books of the House of Commons. Sir William Leng is not easily enticed into the relation of his experiences; but on one occasion, after a pleasant dinner under his mahogany tree, I heard him describe some of the episodes of the newspaper romance; and one could easily understand while listening to his graphic description of the more exciting incidents what a staunch, fearless, rugged, unwavering foe Broadhead had to encounter in the man who had made up his mind to break him on the journalistic wheel. In the following brief narrative I have to acknowledge some indebtedness to Mr. Press. But it will be interesting to further preface the record with a few notes on Sir William's personal career.

Born in Hull on January 25th, 1825, he is the eldest son of Mr. Adam Leng, an ex-man-of-war's man. At fourteen the lad entered the business house of a wholesale chemist, who made him town traveller four years later. To this day Sir William Leng regards his close observation and intimate knowledge of the shopkeeping class as a valuable experience. He says it has saved him from a too common error of literary men, that of sneering at a body of men whose business morality he knows to be fully equal to that of the learned professions. At twenty-two years of age he entered into business on his own account and, whilst amassing a good private library, began to contribute anonymously to the local papers, on such subjects as the overloading of ships, the desirability of national education and national reform. In the meantime, his brother, Mr. John Leng, had entered into journalism, and was editing a Dundee paper. Becoming aware of his commercial brother's remarkable literary power, he begged of him to come to his assistance; and when thirty years of age, Sir William took the great decision of his life, and, after stipulating for entire mental independence, sold his business and removed to Dundee, where he immediately became leader-writer and reviewer for the *Dundee Advertiser*. Five years later he joined a friend in buying the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, and removed to the great city of cutlery to take charge of that paper. The town was a stronghold of Radicalism, of the thirty years' opposers of national education, and of sympathisers with the American slave-owners. It was, moreover, the head-quarters of William Broadhead, the organiser of murderous trade outrages. The new editor, incapable of disguising his views, set himself stoutly to the task of combating the widely-feared tyrant of the trade unions. He staked fame, reputation, fortune and person in a cause which was, as he lately said in Sheffield, "no personal business of his," in a determined battle to deliver the town from murderous outrage, and the local press from grave intimidation. How he attacked and broke up the Sheffield conspiracy reads more like a romance than a plain statement of fact. Charles Reade has made those days live again in the novel already mentioned, and given under the name of Mr. "Holdfast" a fairly accurate counterpart presentment of the subject of this brief sketch. Broadhead was a veritable potentate. For twenty years he had so acted as to be known among his familiars by the significant name of "Smitem." To him the victims of rattening repaired to make their peace by fine and apology; to him saw-grinders referred offers of employment before daring to entertain them; to him even employers had to refer applicants for work. It was his policy to keep the supply of labour in the saw trade short of the demand, and to this end he kept as many grinders as he deemed expedient in personal non-productiveness, making the workers pay the non-workers. To enforce this system, he had to resort to what Carlyle called "uses of terror," and the frequency of his resort to *deeds* of terror earned for him the name of "Smitem." The way in which he came into collision with an editor full of fight was this: A grinder's house had been blown up. The editor went to the place, inspected the wreck that had been made, talked with the man and was shown letters threatening his life with "Linley's lead pills," and he became as convinced as he was of his own existence that behind the outrage there was money, and behind the money an organisation that supplied the money, and in connection with the organisation an organising chief, and under the chief actual perpetrators who worked for money. His mind was clear and his spirit roused. In

hot blood he repaired to his office and penned an article in which his views were plainly set forth, and he returned to the theme from day to day.

Broadhead grew restless. He had killed one local newspaper, and the persistence of his new assailant was more than he could bear. In a rash moment he resolved to beard the editor in his office. He did so. He began by stating how he had admired and recommended the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, then expressed astonishment at the articles levelled at himself, then laid down the law of libel with an accuracy which showed that he had been to his solicitor, and then he paused, as if waiting for a promise that nothing more of the kind should appear. In conclusion, he worked himself into a state of excitement, said that the perpetrators of trade outrages were non-unionists who did them out of malice to damage the unions, and declared that if he could only lay his hands on "the villains" he would drag them to justice. That same night at a full meeting he declared publicly, amid great applause, that he would "sell his shirt off his back" rather than not have redress for the libels of Mr. Leng. The subject of this notice read the speech in his own paper, and told his cashier to make out a list of all the saw manufacturers in Sheffield. Armed with this list, he drove round to their offices, seeking, not for publication but for his private guidance, detailed information. His convictions were clear, but he needed definite facts. In the course of a few hours he had collected sufficient information to satisfy him that Broadhead dared not go into Court, and a few days later he obtained from the lips of an actual perpetrator the whole *modus operandi* of the great explosion by which the new grinding machinery at Messrs. Wheatman and Smith's was destroyed.

Thus fortified, the resolute editor renewed his daily bombardment of Broadhead, enlarged mockingly on the value of character, recalled the man's resolve to "sell his shirt," and spoke of the gratification it would afford him to have the pleasure of meeting Broadhead in a court of law. He also strenuously exhorted the manufacturers and merchants of Sheffield to raise a large Reward Fund and to assist him to obtain for Sheffield a Royal Commission of Inquiry with power to indemnify such offenders as came before it to make a clean breast of their offences; and he pledged his honour as a journalist that if such a Commission were granted he would produce witnesses to prove that the worst outrages had been done to the order of a trade secretary.

Broadhead and his Vehmgericht were now thoroughly alarmed. Threatening letters were addressed to the editor. These he banteringly acknowledged in his "Notices to Correspondents," by asking the writers to "call and leave their cards." In the meantime, he had the singular experience of seeing in print articles in which he was denounced as an intrusive notoriety hunter, who was blackening the fair name of Sheffield, and who had not the sense to see that rattening was a way of collecting debts very like a County Court process. One morning he beheld himself held up to hatred as a person whose scandalous falsehoods called for summary chastisement at the hands of Sheffield workmen. Matters were now getting warm. The editor wrote at his table with a loaded pistol by his side; walked at night with a revolver in his hand and a finger upon the trigger; slept with a revolver under his pillow, and with an armed watchman—a marksman—in the kitchen; the latter a precaution demanded by Broadhead's policy, when otherwise baffled, of trying, with grenades flung through the windows, "to trouble a man *through* his household." Meanwhile Broadhead valiantly offered "Ten Pounds Reward" for such information as should lead to the conviction of the person who had blown up Fearneough's house. The Commission was obtained; Mr. Leng's chief witness appeared before it, but in such a state of terror that he begged the Chief Constable to sit between him and the audience, lest he should be shot in Court. His evidence—evidence long taken down in private under conditions for his own protection—compelled Broadhead and his air-gun man Crookes to save their own necks by owning to their offences It was in breathless silence that the Court heard Hallam, Broadhead and Crookes own to their respective shares in the outrages which, for a long series of years, had blackened the very name of Sheffield. These disclosures broke up the cruel conspiracy, and there have been no serious outrages since the holding of that Com-

mission.* The effect of the great exposure was most agreeable to all right-minded people in Sheffield; but among a certain class there long existed a sullen animosity against the editor who had brought the exposure about. Of this animosity Sir William Leng had an amusing example. A foreman of his was present at a meeting at which Mr. Leng was one of the speakers. A man standing next to the foreman-compositor was boisterous in his hostile exclamation. "Be quiet! Fair play!" said the foreman. "Fair play for *him*, a villain!" exclaimed the grinder. It was now the foreman who was indignant, and he asked: "What have you against him?" "Against *him?*" said the grinder, "sith'ee what he did to poor Broadhead? He was the ruin of that man!" For this service and by way of compensation for the private outlay to which Mr. Leng had been put in his contest with Broadhead, a purse of six hundred guineas and a full-length portrait were presented to him by the inhabitants of Sheffield, at a public meeting which was addressed by the Earl of Wharncliffe, Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., the Rev. George Gilfillan and other public men of distinction and authority.

* A witness named Hallam disclosed several outrages, and at length confessed to having been concerned, with another man, in shooting a workman named Linley, who had incurred the displeasure of the members of the union, by refusing to join them and to desist from working. Hallam became much agitated in giving his evidence and twice fainted in the court. He said: "Crookes joined with me in shooting Linley. I compelled Crookes to shoot him. He shot him with an air-gun." On being asked if any other person had set him on to do this, his reply showed with what fiendish cunning Broadhead had made some of these men his tools. . . . . They followed Linley about for five or six weeks without getting the opportunity they sought. At last, one night at dusk, having followed him to the Crown public-house, where he was sitting in a room with other persons, they remained in the yard. Linley was sitting near the window. At first Crookes refused to shoot him, but Hallam declared that he would do it himself; and he had also found a way by which they might escape out of the yard. Crookes then raised the air-gun and shot the man just as he was leaning forward in earnest conversation. It was intended that the ball should strike him under the shoulder; but it glanced upward and wounded the back of the head, inflicting an injury from which he afterwards died. The assassins fled, and the money which was promised them "for the job" was paid. The reason alleged for shooting Linley was that he had hired a number of boys to work and was injuring the trade. To one of the men whom Broadhead had condemned, he wrote: "If I but move my finger you are sent into eternity as sure as fate." The price paid for carrying out Broadhead's decrees of "blowing up a man's house, or shooting him, varied from fifteen to thirty pounds.—"*Gladstone and his Contemporaries.*" *By Thomas Archer.*

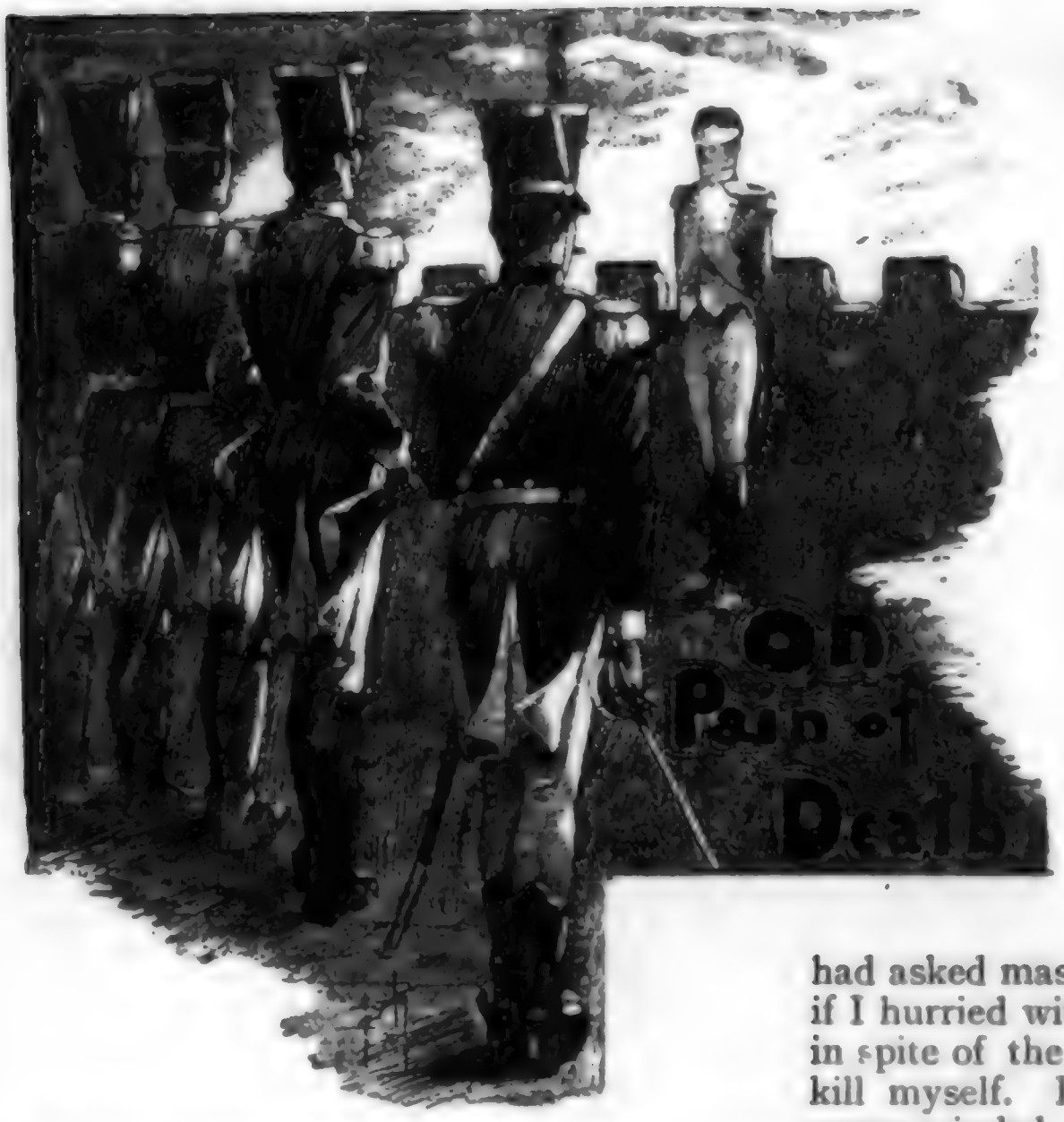
Some People we have Met this Month.



THE GIRL WHO ATTENDS RACE MEETINGS.



THE MAN WHO WILL MAKE A SPEECH ON THE SLIGHTEST PROVOCATION.



By EMILY MARTIN.

A LOVELY summer evening. The mist is rising over the fields; the birds are singing a good-night song as they fly home to their nests in the tall trees of yonder dark forest. The great poplars, which line the straight road on both sides as far as the eye can reach, bow gracefully to each other and gently rustle their foliage in the breeze that has sprung up — so grateful, so refreshing after the sultry heat of the day.

A herd of cows with heavy udders comes lazily along the road, driven by a sunburnt maiden in short, kilted petticoats showing sturdy ancles, and feet enclosed in wooden sabots. A young man coming from the opposite direction greets her with a nod.

"Good evening, Jeanneton. Your work not over yet?"

"Alas! no, Monsieur André; my work is never done. I am getting sick of it!"

"Nonsense, girl! Why, you are always so brave and cheery; it must be the heat of to-day that has tired you."

"Oh, the heat—I don't mind that, but just fancy, Monsieur André. My Jacques has come into Montmédy with his regiment—they are to be quartered there for some time—he was to get an hour's leave to-night, and I was to go and see him. I had asked master, and he said I could go if I hurried with my work; and all to-day, in spite of the heat, I slaved away fit to kill myself. It was churning day, but I never minded anything, for I was thinking of Jacques and what he would say—it is a year since we met—and there, to-night the mistress was taken suddenly ill with spasms, master had to ride into Montmédy for the doctor, and, of course, there was no one to fetch the cows and milk them and do my work, so I have had to give it up, and I have been crying with vexation."

"Poor Jeanneton! that is really too bad. But could I do nothing for you? Shall I call at the barracks and leave a message for Jacques?"

Jeanneton's face lighted up; she put her hand in her pocket and pulled out a rather dirty envelope.

"You are too kind, Monsieur André," she said. "I would be for ever grateful if you would leave this note at the barracks. I had meant to post it, but if you would take it Jacques would get it to-night, and he would not be uneasy about me."

"Of course, Jeanneton, I will do so with pleasure."

"You are sure it will not take you too far out of your way."

"Not a bit; and, even if it did, it would not matter."

"How kind you are," the girl exclaimed gratefully. "Ah, Mademoiselle Colette is a lucky maid!"

André smiled, and his eyes grew soft as he replied, "It is I who am lucky, Jeanneton I am the happiest fellow in the world!"

"You deserve to be so, Monsieur André. Ah, if I only had a master like you! Your farm servants are so happy."

"Well, I am very glad if they are satisfied, and now I must go. *Au revoir*, Jeanneton. I wont forget the letter."

"Good-night, Monsieur André, and thank you very much."

The young man walked quickly on; he was quite near his destination, but before arriving at the town he had to turn off, in order to gain the barracks, a huge building situated on rising ground, and commanding an extensive view of the neighbouring country. Passing the sentry, he gave the note to a private soldier, who was lounging about, a cigarette between his lips. As he passed out of the gate, and turned his face once more in the direction where his fiancée lived, he hummed a gay little song. His heart danced with joy.

He had been absent for a week on business; the result had been satisfactory, and there was every likelihood now, that the difficulties in which his dead father had left his little estate would be cleared away with another twelvemonth's hard work.

"And then," he said to himself, "and then, Colette will be mine, and I shall bring my darling home to Grandpré. To think of the time when we shall be together always—husband and wife!—oh, how sweet that is! God bless her. Ever since I knew she returned my love, I have had nothing but luck. I shall be glad when I can take her away from Montmèdy; I don't like her living at her father's inn, and being subjected to the admiration of any fellow who may choose to spend an hour there. I wish I was not so jealous! but there—I won't think of it any more. In a year we shall be married at the little church on the hill, and then, when she is all mine, I shall forget the fears that at times torment me, and be as happy as a king with my Colette, my darling."

Thinking thus, he had walked along the straggling village street, and had reached the hostelry, with its hanging sign, the "*Lion d'Or*," creaking in the wind. For a moment he stood on the opposite footpath in silent contemplation.

The latticed windows were open; on the sills were pots of scarlet geraniums in full bloom. From the lower rooms came sounds of revelry. He glanced at the upper windows with their snowy curtains. That little casement in the corner was Colette's room: if she were there just now and saw him, what a start she would get! He had not thought to be back so soon, and she did not expect him until some days later. His fingers touched a little packet in his breast-pocket—a little pearl ring that he had bought for her. He rehearsed in his own mind the pretty speech he would make as



FROM THE LOWER ROOM CAME SOUNDS OF REVELRY.

he placed it on her finger. He saw her sparkling eyes, her look of innocent delight. He glanced again at the window; the curtains waved to and fro; the room was evidently empty.

"I wish she had been there," he thought, "and had seen me; then she would have slipped quietly down, and we would have gone round by the side gate into the garden and had a cosy half hour undisturbed by her father and mother."

He looks again and calls gently: "Colette!"

There is no answer.

Entering the house, he meets the maid-of-all-work, her face flushed, her cap awry, carrying a huge tray of dirty glasses.

"Back so soon, Monsieur André!" she exclaims familiarly, "ah, *ciel!* how hot I am; there are such a number of customers to-night; I suppose the heat has made them all extra thirsty, and only me to attend to them! I am nearly dead!"

"But where are the master and mistress, Marie?" inquired André.

"Ah! don't you know? They have gone to the fair at Ihionville. Master heard there were to be some good cattle there, and has gone to try to get a cow—Fauchette is so old now she is scarcely any good!"

"And, Colette—is she gone too?" His face showed how much he dreaded an affirmative answer.

"Oh, no; Mademoiselle Colette is in the garden, at least I saw her go towards the arbour with a book half-an-hour ago."

"I will go to her," he said, and passed on down the passage to a door through which you saw masses of verdure. It was a large, old-fashioned garden, surrounded by high walls covered with leafy vines. It stretched down to where, a hundred yards from the house, a brook divided it from a corn-field. Scattered here and there were fruit trees, and among the gooseberry bushes and raspberry canes grew flowers of all kinds, the air was sweet with the perfume of roses and mignonette.

Down near the brook was a grassy slope, and on the low, sweetbriar hedge, which bounded it on one side, linen, white as driven snow, was drying.

Here the arbour was situated, the back of it was towards the house, its entrance faced the brook. It was a picturesque little place, made of close lattice work, overgrown with clematis and the hop plant. No sign of a human being in the garden.

"She must be in the arbour," thought André; "I will go quietly and surprise her."

He walked along the mossy path in the direction of the summer-house, his soul filled with joyful expectation. Suddenly a silvery laugh startled him.

"She is not alone," he said to himself with disappointment. On the springy turf his footsteps made no sound, and as he neared the little building his heart seemed to stop beating, for he heard a man's voice in low accents, which reached him now plainly. He stood still.

"You are the prettiest girl I have seen for many a day, and I will take no refusal."

"But I *do* refuse, and you can't make me go against my will."

"Can't I; we will see whether I can or not. I shall ask your father to bring you to the ball."

"But father won't take me if I say I do not wish to go."

"Then I shall intimate to him that I shall persuade the other officers to withdraw their custom, and go to the Café Cardinet instead."

"That would be very mean of you. Why don't you ask my cousin Rose to the ball? she is a very nice girl, and ——"

"No, thank you; I am determined to have you for my partner, not Rose, who cannot be nearly as pretty as yourself—you know perfectly well you *are* pretty; I dare say plenty of people are always telling you so. Are you engaged?"

André, listening, his heart wrung with jealous pain, can imagine the pretty pout and toss of the head with which she answers:

"I shall not tell you."

"Well, I don't care if you are or not, if you will only be a little kind to me."

"I don't know what you mean by kind," Colette says in a firm voice. "But you *must* go now; you had no right to come here."

"I had the right of a man who admires a lovely face. Don't frown so. I *will* go, as you seem so anxious to get rid of me; but you must say good-night prettily first."

Colette's voice rises in distressed appeal:

"Oh! don't—don't!"

"I will have one kiss—you had better give in."

"Marie—Marie!" shrieks the girl.

The bushes are parted hastily, and André strides to the entrance, a demoniacal fury in his eyes. With one effort of his strong arms, he frees the struggling girl from the grasp of her persecutor. The latter is an officer of slight build and short stature; he is good-looking in a commonplace fashion. Startled by the unexpected violence of the attack, he is paralysed for an instant, but André does not give him time for action.

"You infernal scoundrel," he mutters with clenched teeth; "I have a mind to kill you!"

Gripping him in his powerful arms, he lifts the man like a feather, and flings him with all his force into the brook. It is not deep but the bed of the current is covered with large stones. As de Kybourtz struggles to his feet, his face bleeding from a wound in the forehead, his hand clutches his sword. With a yell of hatred he rushes at André who stands immoveable, watching him. He raises the blade in the air, but his assailant's superior force and size enable him to wrench the weapon from the discomfited captain's hand. A side door leading into a narrow lane is open, close to where they are standing.



FLUNG HIM WITH ALL HIS FORCE INTO THE BROOK.

André flings the sword through it, and grasping the officer by the collar, thrusts him out with a parting kick, into the middle of the road. His victim rises to his feet, bleeding and covered with mud. He is a piteous sight.

"Curse you," he cries, "you shall die for this!" He draws a revolver from his breast-pocket and presses the trigger, but contact with the water has rendered the weapon harmless.

André stands in the doorway, a sarcastic smile curving his lips.

"Curse the thing!" roars the infuriated man; "you have escaped this time, but I'll pay you out, see if I don't!"

With an answering curse, and a contemptuous look at his discomfited enemy, André slams the door. The veins stand out like cords on his forehead, his face dark, his eyes flashing. He returns to the arbour, and there sees Colette, sitting on the rustic seat, her head buried in her hands, which rest on the little table. Her slight form is shaken by convulsive sobs.

As he approaches, she raises her head, her face is pale, her lips tremble. The agitation depicted on her countenance deepens as she meets her lover's stern gaze. Never has André looked at her with such an expression as now. She trembles as she half rises, holding out her arms with an entreating gesture. He motions her to sit down again.

"André!" she murmurs faintly.

"So this is your manner of spending the time in my absence," he says sternly;

"and I had so much trust, such entire confidence in you—you whom I looked on as one of God's angels, whom I thought so good and pure ——"

She interrupted him with a bitter cry as she rose and clasped one of his hands with both hers.

"André!" I swear to you I am not to blame. It was not my fault. I was sitting here reading when all at once he appeared. I asked him why he came, and he said it was because the house was hot and crowded, and he had slipped into the garden to smoke a cigarette. He went down to the brook-side, not knowing I was here, and turning to go back, he saw me and came in and sat down by me. I was really very angry, but I was afraid to be rude, and just answered him, that was all. I don't know how much you heard, but you must know I did not say anything wrong. Oh! dear André, do say you forgive me—don't look at me like that!"

"I heard you laughing—laughing with that man—no wonder I look differently on you. You were my plighted wife; I would have staked my life on your truth, and yet I return suddenly, find your father and mother absent, and you laughing with a stranger out here—alone!"

"Oh, forgive me, André! please forgive me. I ought to have left him and gone back to the house, but I did not wish to offend a customer of my father's; and when he insisted on taking me to the ball next week at the Town Hall, I laughed at his presumption. But I did not mean any harm, and I shall never be happy again if you will not believe and forgive me!"

She hid her face against his arm, and sobbed with hysterical violence. His heart was touched at her grief. Drawing her to the bench, he sat down beside her.

"Ah! Colette," he said sorrowfully, "do you know you have nearly broken my heart! When I heard that man talking to you in that horrible way, my brain seemed to be on fire, and it is a wonder I did not murder him. I have always pictured you as so sweet, so pure, that the idea he should pollute your ears with his free speeches is terrible to me beyond words. If I ever knew of your permitting such a scoundrel to approach you again, it would kill my love for you!"

She turned to him with a sweet, appealing look in her eyes.

"I will not grieve you again, dear André," she whispered; do believe me!"

Her gentle pleading, her loving look, disarmed his anger—he stooped and kissed her trembling lips. "Dear little sweetheart, I will believe you!" he murmured.



"I SWEAR TO YOU I AM NOT TO BLAME."

PART II.

A YEAR later dismay fills all hearts in the little town. It is the midsummer of 1870, war is declared, the Germans are advancing to the frontier. All reserves have been called to the colours. Business is forsaken, farms are neglected, desolation reigns everywhere. Women and children, the old and infirm, look at each other with fear-stricken countenances. When will they appear, these formidable enemies? How long will fathers, brothers,

husbands be away? How are they to live in their absence? If the war lasts long famine will stare them in the face! But will their dear ones ever return? Will not the Prussian bullets lay them low! Of course France, their glorious country, will triumph over the invaders—of that they are sure—but their men, their brave kinsfolk—what will be their destiny?

A few old veterans there are who recall the horrors of Napoleon's wars. They talk of the cruelty and the treachery of these Prussian foes—how over-bearing, how insolent their character; how, when they plundered a village, the aged were barbarously mutilated, the women insulted. They have no pity—no honour. How they boasted that no power could conquer them! Well, this time at least, they are mistaken; they should find their masters *this* time. France had arisen, and would wash out past insults in the blood of her enemies! And then they went on to recapitulate the privations and miseries of those wars of nearly sixty years ago. *Sapristi!* what a time that was! Regiments everywhere: cavalry, infantry, artillery, ambulance waggons full of wounded men. They tell of how the army had suffered from typhus fever, cold, hunger and thirst; how they had slept for nights in corn-fields, the rain pouring down on them, soaking them to the skin; how they had been at times thankful to get a few turnips to satisfy the gnawing hunger that tormented them. If these horrors are to be repeated, woe to the absent ones who fight for their country! The women, listening, shake their heads mournfuily and breathe a prayer to the Virgin to have pity on them.

It is night in the barracks. A high wind makes the casements rattle; heavy clouds obscure the sky. Though only half-past eight, it is almost dark.

In a long, bare room with a row of small windows, between which beds are ranged, two men are talking in low voices. One of the men is a regular soldier, the other one of the reserves. He, like so many of his compatriots, has been called in only a few days ago to serve his country, and is quartered in barracks to be ready for the expected attack.

He is a tall man, with a strong, muscular frame and fine features. His face bears the imprint of a refined but powerful nature. His eyes are dark and serious.

"It is pretty sure, Monsieur André," says the first, "that we shall soon be called out; they say the Germans will be on us in two or three days at the latest."

"I would not care a hang how soon they came—the sooner the better; but for this order of the General's—that no one is to leave headquarters on pain of death—it is that that bothers me. My Colette is ill—ill with anxiety about me, and I must and will see her and reassure her. Besides, a shot may settle my account, and I cannot die without seeing my dear girl once again. If she were not ill, I could be more patient, but I am consumed with anxiety. See the note I got to-night from her mother; read it yourself, Jacques."

The soldier took it in his rough hands and read the following lines:

"Dear André,—Colette is very ill and crying out ceaselessly for you; it is pitiful to hear her. We think if she could see you for a moment it would quiet her mind, and she would get better. Do try to get permission to come—it is a matter of life and death,

"Catherine Boucher."

"You see how urgent it is," said André, his brows knitted in strong excitement; "and there comes that wretched order this morning. I feel as if I should go mad!"

There is silence for a time, then André speaks again.



"I SHALL GO, COST WHAT IT MAY."

"I shall go, cost what it may; and you must help me, Jacques."

"Willingly, Monsieur André, if I can—but how?"

"You are a great friend of Bonnard. He will be on sentry between ten and twelve to-night; persuade him, when he hears a faint whistle, to go a little further on his round to the left. While he is doing this I shall slip through."

"Very well; I can try. Jules would not betray us, even if our plan should fail."

"It must not fail! When the war is over and I am once more free—if that ever happens—in prosperous times I shall remember the service you have rendered me."

"Oh, as to me, I want nothing; but I will tell him what you say."

"Tell him I shall only be an hour away, half-an-hour for coming and going and half-an-hour with the poor child. Surely no one will miss me."

"But your uniform; if you are seen and it is reported?"

"I have thought of that. I shall take my dark-coloured blanket; you will lend me yours: I shall fasten them together, and thus form a cloak which will conceal my uniform. I shall go bareheaded, and if the night is only dark enough, I ought to manage."

"Well, Monsieur André, I shall do my best to help you; you may depend on that."

"A thousand thanks, good friend! Heaven bless you."

That night, as the clock strikes half-past ten, a hooded figure, wrapped in a dark mantle, creeps cautiously out of the great gates, while the sentry appears to be intently examining a distant corner to the left of the barracks.

It is pitch dark; heavy clouds are rolling across the sky; at times low rumbling peals of thunder are heard.

Andrè turns his face in the direction of the town, blessing Fate for the weather which will enable him to reach his destination unperceived. How thankful he is to have escaped so easily, thanks to Jacques and his friend the sentry. And then his imagination oversteps the distance that separates him from his sick love, and he sees Colette tossing wearily and calling for him. "Have patience, my Colette chérie," he whispers to himself, "your Andrè will soon be by your side!" He thought how he would sit by her, and stroke her little hot head, and whisper to her to be brave for his sake, and keep up her heart and get well, and be ready to marry him as soon as this cursed war was over.

Another low muttering sound warns him of the approach of the storm. Well, no matter, he would soon be at the town. He drew his improvised cloak more closely around him and pressed forward.

All at once the remembrance of another summer evening, when he had trodden the same path, came into his mind. With what a blithe heart he had then stepped along, thinking of the greeting he would receive from his little sweetheart. How joyfully surprised he thought she would be to see him. And then how miserably it had turned out. That scoundrel of a captain, whom he had so soundly punished. Strange he had never seen him since, though he was attached to the corps as one of the General's aides-de-camp. Well, curse him! And then his thoughts went back to Colette. Would she be better and expecting him? Oh, if he were only there!

Hush! what is that sound the wind brings to his ears? Surely it is the gallop of horses approaching from the town, of which he can just see the lights penetrating the gloom. He is quite near his destination now, only a few more minutes and he will be there. He wishes feverishly that the cavaliers were past. The road is quite narrow here; he has left the trees far behind; there is no possible hiding-place; one side is bounded by a high wall, the other by a deep ditch, filled by the recent heavy rains with a torrent of rushing water. He must walk straight on, and trust to the darkness to protect him from observation.

The horses have slackened speed as they approach him. One of the men in front attempts to strike a match as he passes, but ineffectually. André hears a sudden exclamation of annoyance. His heart stands still. "Hallo there!" exclaims a well-known voice. Oh, heavens, it is the general's voice! Instinctively André stops short; he feels that to press forward would be to excite suspicion.

"Hallo!" again exclaims the general, "come back, my good fellow, and see if you can find a silver match-box which has just fallen from my hand."

With an inward groan, he turns back—

he has recognized the horsemen who follow the first pair as orderlies. He keeps his back turned towards them as they rein in their horses. Kneeling down, he gropes in the road.

"Take a match and you will see better," says the voice of the general's companion.

With a start, André glances up; at the same moment a wax-light is struck, and in the sudden illumination de Kybourtz and André recognise each other! Rising quickly from his stooping position, the disguise becomes disarranged and in the second before the match goes out de Kybourtz's eyes have seen the uniform underneath. His voice rings out in excited exultation.

"General, this man is a deserter! Soldiers, seize him!"



"GENERAL, THIS MAN IS A DESERTER.'

In a moment André is captured, his hands are bound, and at the captain's order, "Quick march," the culprit returns to the barracks, the orderlies, with drawn swords, escorting him.

He can scarcely realise his position—his brain seems numbed. Only one thought is repeating itself with maddening monotony—"If I had only been taken on the way back I would not have cared. Oh, Colette, Colette!"

He knows his fate—no need of court martial. Away from headquarters, in face of the enemy, but one penalty—death—and a swift one!

Six o'clock in the morning. The storm has subsided, leaving the air deliciously fresh and cool.

The division is drawn up. In front twelve men are placed under the orders of a non-commissioned officer. They have been served with the fatal ball cartridges, and are waiting for the condemned soldier who has defied orders before the enemy.

The general and staff appear; in the group you can see de Kybourtz. An evil smile of triumph is on his lips, a sinister look in his eyes. The scar on his forehead glows redly beneath his cap.

See! there is the culprit, walking from the guard-house between four soldiers. His face is pale, but no coward's blood flows in his veins, and he walks with firm and unfaltering steps, his head raised proudly.

His lips move slightly, but not in prayer as some fancy. No; one of the guards is Jacques, and to him he is murmuring a last request to break the news gently to Colette, and to tell her he loved her to the end. "But perhaps," he whispered, "she is already dead, and we shall soon meet. I could almost wish it were so!"

As he passes the group of officers his glance falls on de Kybourtz, who glares at him triumphantly. André returns the stare with composure and passes on. His conductors stop. It is here, then, that he

must die! He listens dully as the general harangues the assemblage; he hears as in a dream the words—discipline—traitor—France!

He is astonished that he does not feel his position more keenly. He tries to collect his thoughts and to realise that this is the last time he shall look on the faces of his fellow men, the last time he shall feel the free air of heaven—the last time! Over there Colette is lying, he is glad they have placed him so that his last gaze may be towards his sweet love.

"Good-bye," he whispers, "good-bye, my own Colette—I die for you!"

One of the men steps forward to bandage his eyes. Dead silence ensues. The seconds seem to him like ages, why do they not put him out of his misery? Suddenly a tremendous report fills the air, but it is not from the rifles of his comrades.

He is not dead, he still stands there unhurt! A hoarse cry rises: "The Germans are upon us!" A mist seems to rise from his brain. Now he understands. Several shells have burst with deadly effect among the troops, whilst the hoarse "hourra" of the advancing Prussians, accompanied by a deadly fire of shot, spread dismay and destruction around.

With a frantic effort, André bursts the bonds that confine his hands, and, tearing off the bandage from his eyes, looks round on the dead and wounded soldiers near him He is unheeded in the confusion, and rushing forward, possesses himself of the weapons of a dead comrade. As he prepares to advance towards the attacking forces, he catches sight of a familiar face. The eyes are wide open, a smile of satisfied hatred is on the lips! There in death he sees de Kybourtz lying!

A year later. It is summer again. At the little church on the hill, the bell is ringing out gaily as a wedding-party descends the slope.

"Does not the bride look lovely?" says one old gossip to another as the carriages pass them.

"Yes, indeed!" was the reply, "none would ever believe she had been so long ill; the bridegroom is handsome, too, though his hair has become very grey. He seems to have quite recovered from the wound he got in the war."

"Is it true that he was nearly being shot as a deserter?"

"It is quite true; our neighbour's son, Jacques, has told me the whole story."

"I have heard it also, but forget how he escaped after all."

"Oh, the Prussians came down at the moment when the General was giving the order to fire, and, of course, in the hurly-burly he got free. Naturally no one thought of him. They say he fought like a lion; he was in ever so many battles and got promoted."

Some hours later André and his bride are in the farmhouse of Grandpré. The windows are open, the birds are singing, the bees hum among the flowers; but the fields have a desolate look—they have not recovered from the disastrous effects of the war.

"Plenty of work before me, *mignonne*," André says; "but how your dear presence here will sweeten labour; how our past dangers and troubles will make the present seem like heaven! I have courage for everything, with my sweet wife by my side, cheering and sympathising with me. Oh, Colette, that word—*wife*; how wonderful it is!" He took her blushing face between his hands and gazed deep—deep into her dark eyes.

"My love, my darling, my wife, put your sweet arms round my neck and tell me you are happy."

She raised her lovely face to his.

"Dear husband!" she whispered.



THERE IN DEATH HE SEES DE KYBOURTZ LYING.

Rambles Through England.

Stratford-on-Avon.

THE quiet, sleepy little town of Stratford impresses one as a fitting frame for the many reminiscences it contains of its celebrated son—the Bard of Avon.

The quaint many-gabled houses, with their wood and plaster walls and red-tiled roofs, are worth a day's journey to see in themselves; whilst the gently-moving river, gliding peacefully between the low-lying meadows, gives an added charm to the whole picture of this ideal English country town. A spirit of perfect repose and contentment seems to reign over the whole place: business and bustle are unknown, and the inhabitants appear to enjoy a perpetual dolce far niente. The town is redolent of the immortal Shakespeare: his busts are prominently visible in divers places; the booksellers' shops are filled with photographs of every conceivable place and thing that can, by the least stretch of the imagination, be said to appertain to Shakespeare or his days. Yet there is a glamour over the whole place which gradually weaves its invisible coils around us, inducing in our thoughts the feeling that this little town is set apart from ordinary mundane affairs. This strange influence I have heard aptly described as the difference usually felt by the ordinary steady-going Englishman between Sunday and a week-day.

The visitor should, if possible, arrive at Stratford in the evening, so as to commence his visiting the next day free from the lassitude of travel.

Of Shakespeare himself, or his works, I can here say nothing new, or that has not been already said by far abler pens than mine. Submitting myself to the influence of the place, and with the reverence for the poet's unrivalled genius within me, I wend my footsteps first to the house wherein the poet was born.

As no visit to Shakespeare's town has been more picturesquely or lovingly described than by Washington Irving, I



SHAKESPEARE HOTEL AND "YE FIVE GABLES" IN CHAPEL STREET.



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-PLACE.

shall here let him take my place:—

"I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its nestlings in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks and conditions—from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature. The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakespeare shot the deer on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box, which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo with Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also, of Shakespeare's mulberry tree, which seems to have an as extraordinary power of multiplication as the wood of the true cross, of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

"The most favourite object of curiosity, however, is Shakespeare's chair. It stands in the chimney-nook of a small, gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit. Whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say—I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me, though

built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees that the chair had to be new bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter, for though sold some years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.



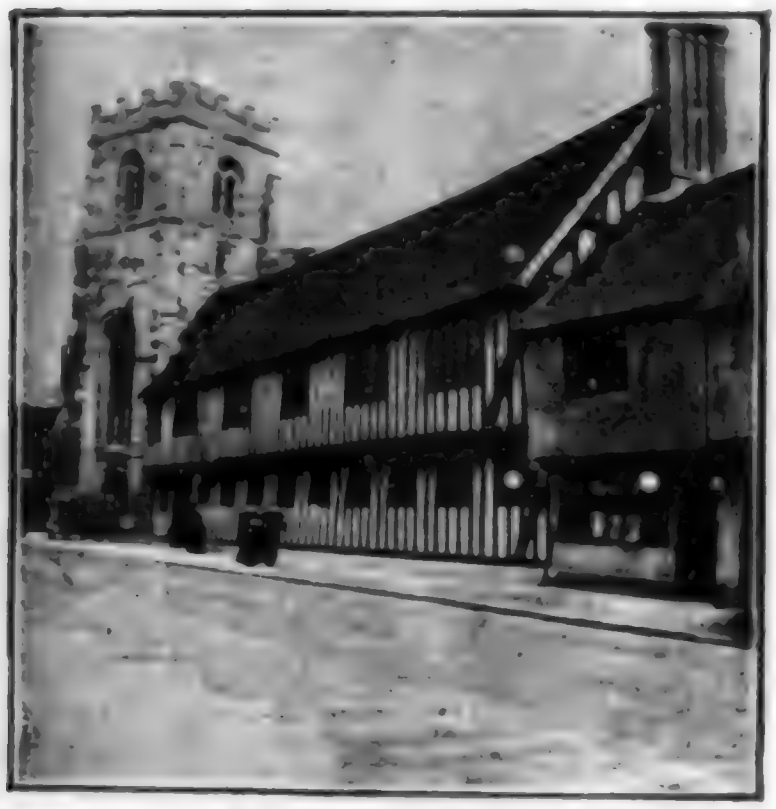
PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE, FROM AN OLD PAINTING IN STRATFORD TOWN HALL.

"I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am ever willing to be deceived where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am, therefore, a ready believer in relics, legends and local anecdotes of goblins and great men, and would advise all travellers, who travel for their gratification, to be the same. What is it to us, whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute, good-humoured credulity in these matters; and on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, unluckily for my faith, she put into my hands a play of her own composition, which set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance.

"From the *birth-place* of Shakespeare a few paces brought me to *his grave*. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It



THE ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired: the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the grey tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping, and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty grey spire.

"In the course of my rambles I met the grey-headed old sexton, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows, and was a picture of that neatness, order and comfort which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country.

"We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishment superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funereal escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low, perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds.

'Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.'

"Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakespeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterised among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years—an untimely death for the world, for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, shel-



NEW PLACE

tered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favour? The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD.

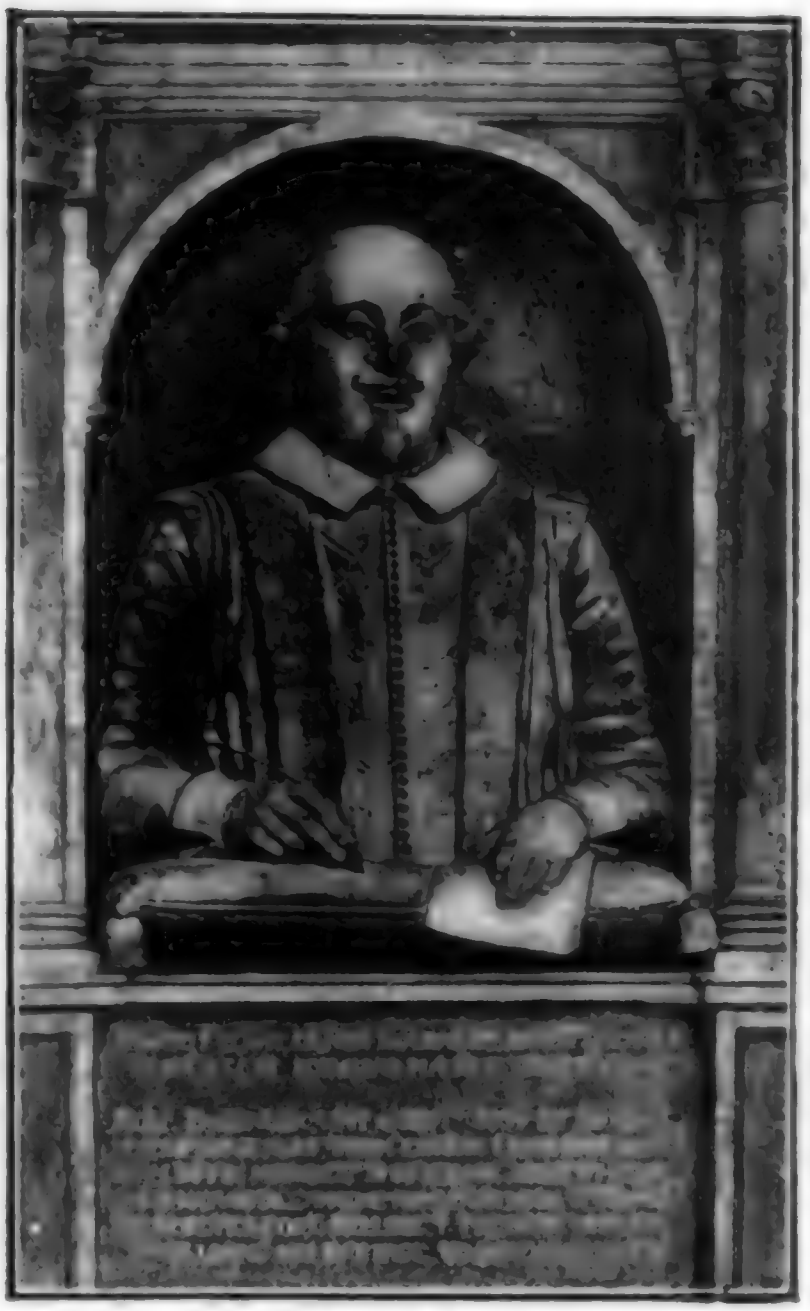
removal of his remains to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since, also, as some labourers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains, so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collectors of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones—nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakespeare. Next to this grave are those of his wife, his favourite daughter, Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by also is a full-length effigy of his old friend, John Comb, of usurious memory; on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell upon anything that is not connected with Shakespeare. His idea pervades the place; the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence; other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement there was something intense and thrilling in the idea that, in very truth, the remains of Shakespeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail



THE CHANCEL, STRATFORD CHURCH, THE BURIAL-PLACE OF SHAKESPEARE.

upon myself to leave the place, and as I passed through the churchyard I plucked a branch from one of the yew trees — the only relic that I have brought from Stratford."

Of the early life of Shakespeare we find many relics at Stratford, where he was born on April 23, 1564. He was educated at the Grammar School until he was fourteen, when, owing to his father's financial troubles, he had to leave the school to earn his own living. What his first occupation was remains in some doubt, but it is said he was for some time a woolcomber, and later on a schoolmaster.



SHAKESPEARE'S BUST IN THE CHANCEL OF STRATFORD CHURCH.

When he was nineteen he married Anne Hathaway, who was then eight years his senior, but from all accounts the marriage was not too happy, and three or four years later he left Stratford to better his fortunes in London. We have no authentic record of what he did on his first arrival in the Metropolis, but we later hear of him under prosperous circumstances as an actor and playwright and part proprietor of the Blackfriars Theatre.

During his career in London he visited, at frequent intervals, the town of his birth, and in 1597 he bought New Place there, to which in later years he added 170 acres of land, and eventually, early in 1616, he gave up his profession of actor in London and retired to Stratford to end his days with his family; but this peaceful life was to last but a few months, as he died on his fifty-third birthday, the 23rd of April, 1616.

Of the many objects of interest to the visitor at Stratford, the first to be visited is the birthplace, as it is called, being his father's house in Henley Street.

Here we are shown the various rooms in which the poet passed his childhood's days; the front living room, with its old-fashioned chimney, which has a seat on each side of the hearth, is covered with names of visitors —princes, men of letters, actors and actresses. The front room over this is the chamber in which he was born; here, again, the ceilings and walls are literally covered with signatures of countless pilgrims to this humble shrine of genius.

There are several other rooms in the



THE MEMORIAL THEATRE AND PICTURE GALLERY.



THE GOWER MEMORIAL IN THE THEATRE GARDEN.

house, all in a good state of preservation, the original timbers and flooring being but slightly renewed to keep the building sound.

Adjoining the house is the museum, where are collected together many interesting MSS., paintings and books relating to the life of Shakespeare and his works.

Our next visit is to the Grammar School in Church Street, where Shakespeare received the groundwork of that education which, there is little doubt, shaped his after career. On the opposite corner of the street is New Place, which now occupies the site of the house in which Shakes-



A BIT OF THE PICTURE GALLERY.

peare resided for the few months just previous to his death. The house passed to Mrs. Hall, Shakespeare's eldest daughter, on his death, and before her death she willed it to her only daughter, Elizabeth (afterwards Lady Bernard), who there entertained Queen Henrietta Maria and her Court for several weeks during the civil war of 1643.



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

Down Church Street, two or three minutes bring us to the most interesting shrine of all, Stratford Church, in the chancel of which is the poet's grave, which is covered by a flat stone bearing the inscription which

we have already given. On the wall above is the monument and bust of Shakespeare, and near the door, in a glass-topped box, is the old parish register, wherein we find the entry of Shakespeare's baptism entered under the date of April 26, 1564, and his burial.

After leaving the church, we make our way along the riverside to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, which was lent full-length oil-painting of Miss Ada Rehan.

In the garden attached to the theatre is the handsome Gower memorial, a stone pedestal surmounted by a bronze figure of the poet, and at the base are bronze figures representing some of the chief characters in his plays. No one visiting Shakespeare's home should omit to walk over to Shottery, the home of Anne



INTERIOR OF ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

opened on the poet's birthday in 1879, and where each year a series of Shakespearian plays is given in celebration of the poet's birthday.

The picture gallery, which adjoins the theatre in the same building, contains many celebrated pictures, more or less relevant to the great dramatist. The walls of the main staircase are also hung with portraits of great actors and actresses, among which we noticed an excel-

Hathaway. This little village is but a short half-hour's walk from Stratford if you take the footpath across the fields. It is a charming little old-world hamlet, with its two or three dozen cottages and its little inn. Anne's cottage lies towards the further end of the village and forms a perfect picture of old English rustic scenery. The thick thatch of the cottage throws back the golden glory of the sun, and the deep green of the elms behind

the cottage forms a pleasant background. The garden is gay with bright-hued flowers; and as we enter the gate, we first notice an old lady busily gathering a nosegay. "We have come to see Anne Hathaway's cottage." "Oh, yes; would we please to go up the steps and she would show us over."

Mounting some half-dozen time-worn stone steps, we enter the cottage, and having paid our admission fee of sixpence apiece, our cicerone invites us into the parlour. The beamed roof hangs low, being within reach of our upraised hand; the open fire-place is the first thing we are desired to inspect, and accordingly we introduce our heads into the cavern and gaze up its perpendicular and blackened sides into the blue vault of heaven. In a hole at the side of the chimney we are shown an old flint and steel, with its tinder-box, and a side of bacon up the other side of the chimney is curing in the orthodox manner.

In our illustration, on the right hand side may be seen the end of the settle on which Shakespeare and Anne used to sit in their courting days.



FOUNTAIN PRESENTED TO STRATFORD BY MR. W. G. CHILDS, OF PHILADELPHIA.

There is an absence of show in the whole room, and one can easily believe that as it is now so it was, more or less, in the poet's days. There are a few old chairs, a little round table, and a sofa; opposite the fire-place is an old oak dresser, with its willow-pattern service giving quite a tone of colour to the room. On another table, near the head of the sofa, we are shown an old family Bible, from which it appears that the old lady—whose name, by-the-way, is Mrs Baker—who has been all this while chatting pleasantly to us, is the lineal descendant of Anne Hathaway—the great grandmother of our hostess, having been a cousin of Anne, Shakespeare's wife. Having exhausted the parlour, we are led up a narrow, twisting staircase to the little bedroom in which Anne is said to have been born, and we can quite believe that the curious old carved-oak bed, with its canopy and four posts, dates back to the time named. Here, walls and ceiling, as in Shakespeare's house, we find covered with names of visitors innumerable. As we take leave of our venerable guide, who is not too bashful to inform us that she is eighty-two years of age, we feel that in Anne's cottage we have been in touch with ages that are long since past; our sympathies are quickened more by the little furnished cottage, with its aged descendant of the long dead Anne, than by the cold, cheerless home of Shakespeare's birth.

As a memento of our visit, we persuade Mrs. Baker to stand at her gate, so that our artist may get her in his picture, which she good-naturedly does, and so, with pleasant greetings, we bend our steps homeward.

It may not be amiss here to mention that there is no lack of good hotels at Stratford, among which we may mention the Red Horse (known as Washington Irving's Hotel), the Shakespeare Hotel, the Falcon, and the Old Red Lion, all of which do their best to make their visitors comfortable. The easiest route to Stratford-on-Avon from London is, undoubtedly, from Euston Station by the London and North Western Railway to Leamington, where a change must be made on to the Great Western system, which there runs on to Stratford; and should the reader desire to spend a few quiet days in a pleasant ramble, there is no place more charming from a historical or picturesque point of view than the town wherein the greatest poet of England was born and died.

Champion Dogs.

DURING the past few years the many first-class exhibitions and shows at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere have brought the various types of dogs prominently before the general public.

It has been well said that the horse and the dog are the best friends of man; and, if the interest shown by the large number of lovers of the dog who attend these shows may be taken as any criterion, we think that the dog still holds its place in the affections of most men and women.

There can be no doubt as to the improving effects these shows have on the various breeds of the canine race.

As we make our way round the show bench, we are struck by the personal care and attention devoted by the owners and attendants to their pets. Here we notice a leader of society, dressed in the height of fashion, solicitous as to the comfort of her pet toy terrier, which reclines on a satin pillow, its cage being enveloped in curtains of the same rich material. Further along, a dainty demoiselle is fondly caressing an enormous bulldog—a fit protector for his charming owner.

We suppose no article on dogs would be considered complete without brief mention of the history and derivation of the many breeds, which we now know as distinct races of the canine family.

Mr. Hugh Dalziel, author of "British Dogs," and many other works on the same subject, says:

"Whoever would write the history of dogs must write the history of man; for, in periods as remote as history reaches, we find this animal associated with him as his useful servant. When or how the close intimacy sprang up, which mutual advantage has kept, and improved century after century, it may be impossible with accuracy to determine; but when we consider the extraordinary capacity for service natural to the dog—his wonderful scenting powers, his great speed, his strength and endurance, his marvellous cunning, his indomitable courage, his power of arranging, and facility in carrying out, a preconcerted attack on his prey—we see a combination of qualities of the greatest value to man in his most primitive state, which man's superior intelligence would quickly perceive, and lead him to wish to appropriate to his own use; and possibly the conquest was rendered easy by a natural instinct in the lower animal to trust, love and serve him. At least, in favour of this we have the fact, which applies with more or less force to all breeds, that their greatest pleasure is in serving man and receiving his praise. When man depended largely on the spoils of the chase for sustenance, the dog would be of the utmost value to him; and when the time came that other of our more domesticated animals were subdued, or partially so, and the shepherd's crook was taken up in addition to



MR. S. DEACON'S GREYHOUND, "PROTEAN COMPOUND."

the rude instruments of war and the chase, the pliant nature of the dog would be quickly moulded into agreement with the new state of things, and he would become, as we find he had in the days of the Patriarch Job, and as he still is in many countries, both tender and defender of the flocks and herds.

"In this case, the new duties and conditions of life would develop fresh traits of character, and variety of form and shape.

"The shepherd's dog would gradually assume a character of his own; and the Nimrods of those early days would have their own branches of the family chosen as best suited for their particular purpose: these being used for special work, certain faculties being called constantly into play, whilst others were allowed to lie dormant, the latter would become almost extinguished, and thus still further divergence of type from the original ensued, and differences between existing breeds become more distinct.

"This alone, carried out extensively, as it was certain to be, would produce great variety in form, size, colour and capabilities; and, with the growth of civilisation these influences would increase in strength and variety, and, together with the powerful influence of climate and accidental circumstances, impossible to gauge, fully account for the extraordinary varieties of form we see in the dog as he exists at present."

The illustrations which accompany this article are reproduced from photographs of Champion, and other representative dogs, shown at the Kennel Club Dog Show held at the Crystal Palace last October; and, in describing them and the breeds to which they belong, we will class them under the heading of Sporting, Non-Sporting, and Toys, and although this system of classification leaves something to be desired, it will allow us to indicate their points generally and in a manner sufficiently clear for the purpose of this article.

Sporting Dogs.

Under this heading, let us first take those used for hunting game by sight. They are characterised by elongated heads, body light and deep-chested, and great length of leg; the whole dog being an embodiment of swiftness.

In this class we have the Greyhound, Deerhound, and various sorts of Wolfhound. Of these the most generally known is the Greyhound, which under man's skilful and intelligent breeding, has been brought to its present high state of perfection, and whether we see him on the show bench or racing for the blue ribbon of the coursing field, we cannot but admire his graceful beauty of form and unequalled build and perseverance.



MR. W. R. SINGER'S DEERHOUND CHAMPION, "SWIFT."

The greyhound's pedigree goes back into the days of antiquity. Golding, in his translation of Ovid, says:

> "And even when the greedy Grewnde doth
> Course the silly hare,
> Amiddes the plain and champion fields,
> Without all covert bare."

And Sir Walter Scott, in "Marmion," sings their praises thus:

" Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
O r holt or hill there never flew,
From leash or slip there never sprang
More fleet of foot, more sure of fang."

Mr. S. Deacon's greyhound, "Protean Compound," is representative of this breed; she has won over thirty first and special prizes at the chief shows, including that at the Crystal Palace last October.

In summing up the chief points of the modern greyhound, the head should be long and lean, with good width between the ears, which should be set well back and fall gracefully, with a half fold, exposing the inner surface.



MR. E. BOWN'S BLOODHOUND, "STATESMAN."

The neck should be long and supple, well arched, and gradually thickening towards the shoulder. The chest should be deep, and the back broad and slightly arched, with the hind-quarters strong and the muscles well developed. The tail should taper, and be well curved and a good length.

The weight of the dog varies much with size, but should average between sixty and seventy pounds; height at shoulder, twenty-six inches; length, from nose to set on of tail, forty to forty-two inches; girth of chest, about thirty inches.

The DEERHOUND, with its rough, shaggy



MR. G. E. CRISP'S IRISH WOLFHOUND, "PRINCESS OONA."



MR. J. ROBERTS'S BASSETHOUND, "SONGSTRESS."

coat and larger size, resembles the greyhound much in shape and make.

Sir Walter Scott, in his many works, has referred to this noble breed of the greyhound tribe; and we cannot do better than quote the description he makes his Knight of Gilsland give: "A most perfect creature of heaven; of the old Northern breed—deep in the chest, strong in the stern, black colour, and brindled on the breast and legs, not spotted with white, but shaded into grey; strength to pull down a bull, swiftness to cote an antelope."

As the name might lead us to suppose, this dog is in his proper vocation when used for hunting the stag, and is only to be seen at its best when engaged at this work.

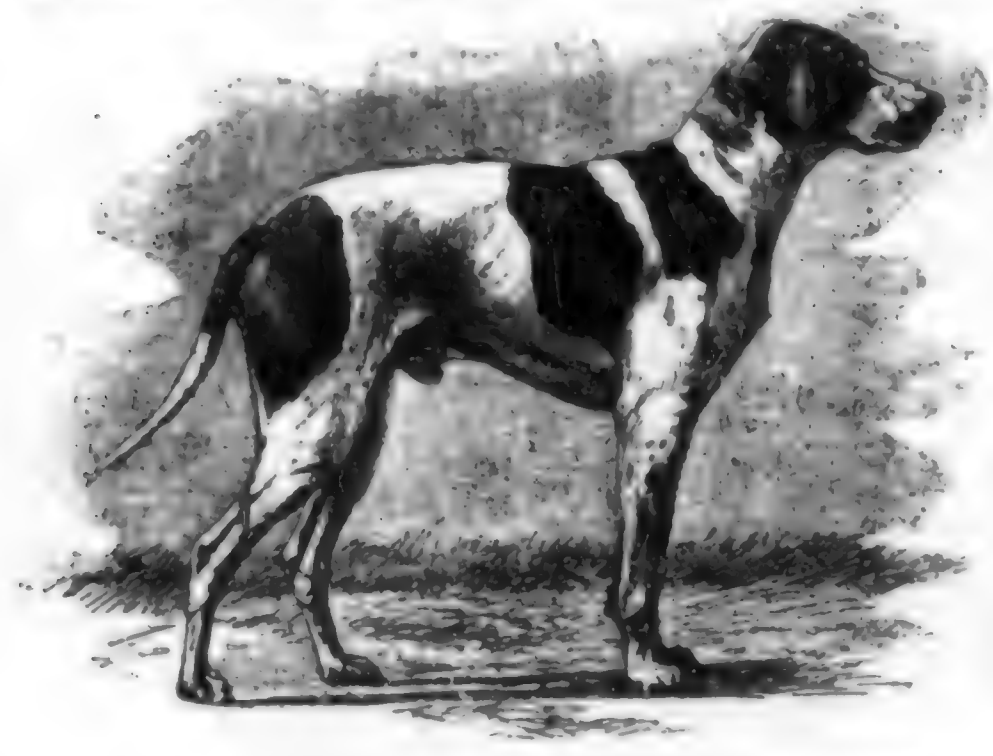
The head should be broadest at the ears, which should in repose fall back like the greyhound's. Many judges are guided by the ears as to the strain of the dog. Large ears hanging flatly is a sure sign of a cross.

The ears should be soft and smooth to the touch. and whatever the colour, the ears should be dark almost to blackness. The neck should be strong and the mane should be stiff and hard, the hind-quarters powerful and broad, and full of muscle. The general shape of the body should be that of the greyhound, but of greater size; its coat should be wiry, and hard without being woolly.

The Deerhound Champion "Swift" was bred by his owner, Mr. W. Herbert Singer, of Frome, Somersetshire. In colour he is a red brindle, with a good



MR. A. O. MUDIE'S DACHSHUND, "SCHELM."



MR. F. C. HIGNETT'S POINTER, "KIRKSANTON BROCKET."

hard texture of coat. He stands thirty and a half inches at the shoulder, and possesses in a most marked degree those most desirable qualities in this breed—size and substance, combined with the very highest quality.

"Swift" has a most beautiful head, with small, well-carried ears and dark brown eyes, with the kind expression so sought for in a deerhound when in repose, but full of fire when roused. He has a great depth of chest, perfectly placed shoulders, and a splendid outline.

He has had an extraordinary show career, and, although only

four years old, has won over fifty first prizes and cups, some of his principal wins being: First at the Crystal Palace, Gloucester and Bristol in 1891; First Leeds, Agricultural Hall, and First in the Challenge Class; and cup for the best deerhound in the show at Birmingham in 1892; First Darlington and Edinburgh, 1893.

At Birkenhead his wins included "The British Fancier" £25 Challenge Cup for the best sporting dog in the show, and at Edinburgh the Championship Gold Medal and the £25 Challenge Plate for the best deerhound in the show; and at the recent Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace "Swift" won the Championship against all comers.



MR. H. B. LEE'S ENGLISH SETTER, "RICHMOND."

The IRISH WOLFHOUND is the next in this group. Few breeds of dogs have caused so much discussion and controversy amongst naturalists and others interested in this famous dog.

Until of recent years specimens of the breed were but rarely seen, and still more rarely exhibited, but under the fostering care of a few gentlemen, who formed themselves into the Irish Wolfhound Club the appearance of this dog is now more frequent.

In general appearance, figure and outline, the wolfhound resembles the deerhound, but is more robust in make and bolder in disposition.

The average height and weight of the male dog is about thirty-two inches to the shoulder, and one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Large size and height of shoulder are the desiderata to be aimed at.

The Champion Irish Wolfhound "Princess Oona" shows promise of becoming one of the most celebrated, if not, the most celebrated of her breed. She was born July 21, 1892, and shown for the first time at the late Kennel Club Show, where in a class of eleven entries, "Princess Oona" took first and special prizes, in addition to which she was awarded the shield, value £43, and special, the Kennel Club Society's silver medal, also the championship for the best Irish wolfhound in the show. "Princess Oona" is only fifteen months old, stands over thirty inches at shoulder, and was bred by Mr. Crisp (Playford Hall, Ipswich), whose success is the more emphatic from his having also bred her sire and dam.

In this group we also have the LURCHER, which is the poacher's dog par excellence, it is a cross between a Scotch collie and a greyhound, with the cunning and intelligence of the former, and the speed and sporting qualities of the latter.

The WHIPPET also comes under this class, and of late years has become a great favourite; it is used chiefly for rabbit coursing and racing purposes In Lancashire and Yorkshire there are regularly appointed handicaps, and race-meetings.

Of dogs that hunt game by scent we have the bloodhound, foxhound, staghound, harrier, beagle, bassethound, and dachshound. In the majority of cases, these dogs are used to hunt in packs, or flocks.

We cannot here attempt to trace the origin of these various breeds; in fact, the evolution of the different types of dogs has been so gradual that the original stock is almost unknown; hardly two authorities agree on this point.

We will for our purpose take each breed as we find it.

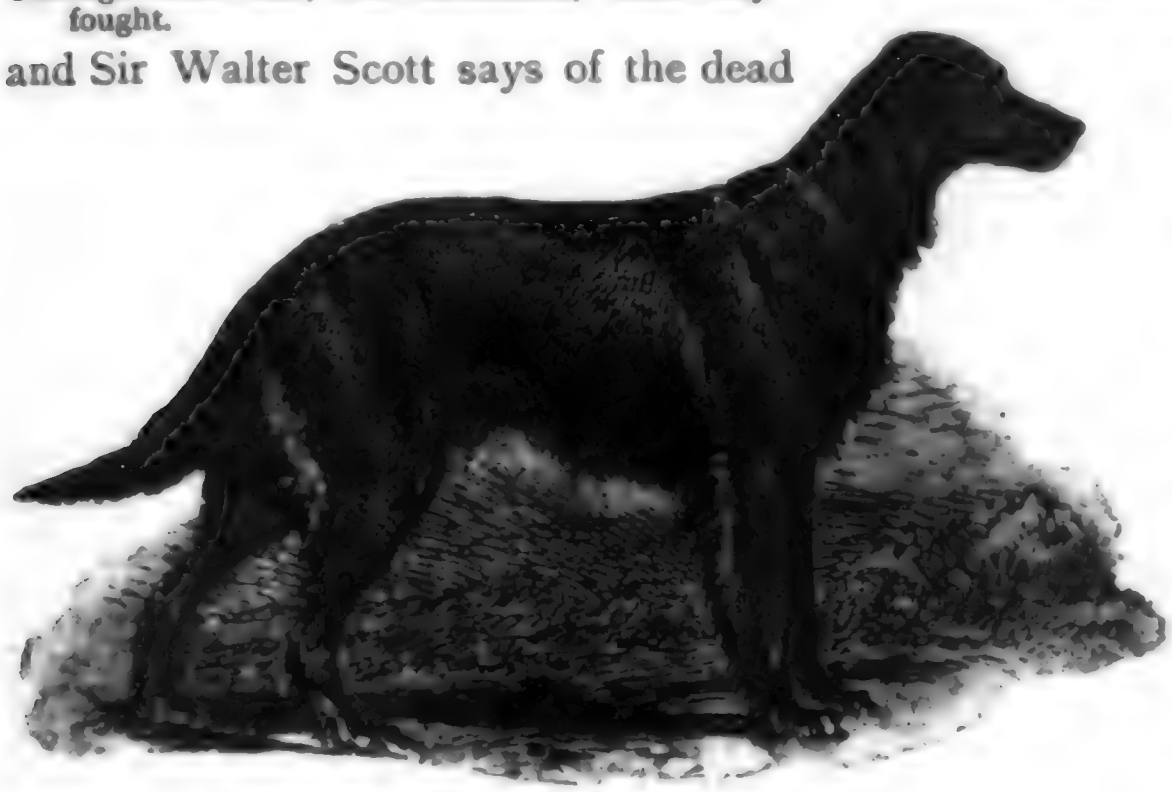
The BLOODHOUND is thought by some authorities to be the original progenitor of hounds that hunt in a pack; now it is never, or scarcely ever, used in this way. In days before the abolition of slavery the

bloodhound was largely used in the American States for tracking fugitive slaves.

That the bloodhound was used for similar purposes long previous to this, we know from the fact that Edward I. pursued Robert Bruce in this way:—

"The King Edward with horse and hound him sought—
With men on foot, through marshes, moss, and mire;
Through wood also, and mountains, where they fought.

and Sir Walter Scott says of the dead



REV. O'CALLAGHAN'S IRISH SETTER, "GERALDINE II."

Richard Musgrave, who—

"By wily turns and desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best bloodhounds,"

"Yet rest thee, God! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe
In all the northern countries here.
Whose word is snaffle, spur, and spear.
Thou wert the best to follow gear;
'Twas pleasure as we looked behind,
To see how thou the chase could wind,
Cheer the dark bloodhound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray,
I'd give the lands of Deloraine
Dark Musgrave were alive again."

and most of our readers will remember Scott's unequalled lines in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

The bloodhound of to-day differs in many ways from most old representative sketches.

In build the bloodhound is of solid make, standing about twenty-seven inches at the shoulder; his head is massive, with a high-domed forehead somewhat peaked at the back, the upper lip is thin, hanging well over the lower jaw, the ears are very long and fall in great folds, the skin about the head and throat loose and wrinkled, the eye deep set in its blood-red socket, the body and legs stout and muscular, the claws are large, and black in colour, and the tail should be of good length, stout, and tapering towards the point. Most judges insist that the colour of the bloodhound should be black and tan to a deep reddish fawn.

With some, any sign of white is evidence of a cross, but there are very few dogs that have not got a little white on the chest, but the less the better. "Statesman," of which we give an illustration, was bred by Mr. Edward Bown, and was born April, 1892, and has been wonderfully successful on the show bench, having twice won the thirty guinea cup for bloodhounds at the Crystal Palace, the fifty guinea Rollo Challenge Shield, and the Kennel Club Champion Prize.

Beside these, he has won first prizes at Preston and York, and there is no doubt he will improve vastly with age.

The STAGHOUND is to all appearances a large breed of the foxhound, which it resembles in practically every detail, whether we refer to colour, shape or nature, and is bred and used in England for stag-hunting. The staghound and foxhound are very seldom seen on the show bench, and their qualities are only visible when hunting the deer or the fox.



MR. J. H. McKENNA'S CLUMBER SPANIEL, "NORA FRIAR."

The FOXHOUND is, perhaps, better known than any other dog, and many there are who consider him of more value than all other dogs put together.

Fox-hunting is a national sport in this country, and in England alone there are something like

two hundred packs of these dogs, which during the season give employment and enjoyment to many thousands of people.

The two chief qualities essential in the foxhound are keen scent and endurance.

The BASSETHOUND is rapidly becoming a great favourite; but lovers of this dog should beware of making their pets into crippled toys.

In France these hounds are valued highly; they hunt hares, rabbits, deer, wolves and foxes, and can be trained to follow their quarry, though the trail may be crossed by others.

Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., was one of the first to take this breed up in England; since when it has gained many friends.

The head of the basset should resemble a bloodhound as nearly as possible, the fore-legs should be short, and close fitted to the chest, the knee crooked and the ankle wrinkled, with massive paw, the body long and full, the coat short and smooth; in colour they are usually black, white, and tan.

"Songstress" is lemon and white in colour, and has taken first prize at the Crystal Palace, Liverpool, Birkenhead, Stockport, and Cruft's, besides various others.

The DACHSHUND is, in many respects, like the bassethound. He is a short-coated, long-backed dog, and with very short legs; the colour varies from black and tan to chestnut red and yellow.

The head and ears are of the bloodhound type. The fore-legs are the great peculiarity; they should be large and very crooked, turning out at the elbows, and in at the knees, with the feet large and well clawed.

"Schelm" was bred by Mr. A. O. Mudie; amongst other prizes, he has taken First and Special at the Crystal Palace.

Two dogs greatly used by sportsmen are the pointer and setter; both track their game by scent, and indicate its position when found.

Our sketch of Mr. Hignett's POINTER, "Kirksanton Brocket," shows one of the best dogs of the day; in 1893 he obtained forty-nine first and special prizes, and is considered by one of the best judges to be the most perfect specimen on the show bench.

The head of a pointer should be long, with a pronounced stop between the eyes; the skull should not be too wide, the ears should be fine, and hang flat to the cheek. In build they should be strong and muscular, and the colour is usually lemon, or liver and white. Their power to scent game at a distance is their chief characteristic, and they are trained to scent their game, which, when they have found, they point at with their nose, meantime standing perfectly still, thus indicating to their master the position of the quarry.

The ENGLISH SETTER is generally understood to have been derived from the spaniel tribe. They are used in shooting game in much the same way as the pointer. In general appearance the setter is compactly built, with an intelligent and pleasing head, which should be long and lean, the ears should be large and fine, with a silky fringe; the coat is of a soft, almost silky texture, wavy, but without curling, and varies in colour from black, or black and white to red, yellow or orange-and-white, the white sometimes being flecked with the darker colour. "Richmond" is a typical English setter. He is owned by Mr. Rawdon Lee, author of "Modern Dogs." Among the many prizes "Richmond" has won are two silver medals, and a silver cup for the best English setter at the Kennel Club show last October.



COLONEL LE POER TRENCH'S SPANIEL, "ERIN."

The following lines faithfully illustrate the setter at his work:—

"When autumn smiles, all beauteous in decay,
And paints each chequered grove with various hues,
My setter ranges in the new-shorn fields,
His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge,
Panting, he bounds, his quartered ground divides
In equal intervals nor careless leaves
One inch untried."

In Ireland the setter is more liked than the pointer for the gun, and in the IRISH SETTER are combined the necessary qualities for shooting in that

country, where rain falls frequently and heavily.

He is slighter built, and more wiry than his English brother, whom he resembles in general appearance and shape. The colour of the coat should be a deep rich chestnut; but white on the chest, throat and toes is not uncommon. Our portrait shows the Rev. O'Callaghan's "Geraldine II."; she is the winner of many show prizes, besides being a grand dog in the field.



MISS HEATHCOTE'S OLD ENGLISH SHEEP-DOG, "RAGS AND TATTERS."

The SPANIEL, which comes next on our list, is a numerous family, numbering among them the Clumber, Sussex, Norfolk, Cocker, Black Field Spaniel, English, Irish and Water spaniels.

These undoubtedly have all been derived by select and careful breeding from one original stock. They are all bred to find and retrieve game when shooting with the gun.

The CLUMBER is considered to be the oldest established of the spaniel tribe, and "Nora Friar," owned by Mr. J. H. McKenna, is a splendid specimen of her breed. Her prizes are too numerous to mention here; she has taken high honours at all the best shows. She has a grand coat—white, with lemon markings—a large massive head, and long massive body.

The English WATER SPANIEL is represented by Colonel Le Poer Trench's "Erin," a curly-coated dog. In colour these dogs vary from liver-and-white to liver, black and black-and-white. Their general appearance is more leggy than the Clumber; the head should be fairly long, with eyes of a clear brown, having the soft, affectionate look peculiar to the spaniel tribe. Among the many honours won by "Erin" are challenge cups at the Crystal Palace and Birmingham.



MR. S. DARBEY'S CURLY-COATED RETRIEVER, "TIVERTON BEAUTY."

Another breed of dogs used for retrieving, as their name implies, is the RETRIEVER. These dogs are bred with both wavy and curly coats. Our representa-

tive sketch here is Mr. S. Darbey's "Tiverton Beauty," which, although only three years old, has won over two dozen first, special and other prizes. The chief points of both the wavy and curly-coated Black Retriever are a jet black coat, height at shoulder about twenty-four inches, the head large and long, with a good width between the ears; the fore-legs should be straight and muscular, and the dog, as a whole, should give one the idea of strength and power.

Non-Sporting Dogs.

We now come to the second group or division under our classification, namely, non-sporting dogs. These consist chiefly of various breeds, which have attached themselves to mankind, to aid or guard him and his possessions, and in return are protected and become the friends of their masters. The English Sheep-dog, Scotch Collie, Mastiff, St. Bernard, Bull-dog, Newfoundland, Great Dane and Dalmatian are the chief amongst this group, and we will consider them in the order given.

Although, probably, descended from the same stock at some distant time, the English Sheep-dog of to-day differs very materially from the Scotch Collie; both are the farmers' and shepherds' best friends, the sagacity of these dogs at times inclining one to believe them endowed with intelligence almost human in its reasoning capacities.

"Rags and Tatters," owned by Miss Heathcote, is a grand specimen of the bob-tailed English Sheep-dog, and obtained the championship in his class at the Crystal Palace show, besides many prizes at other shows. They are rough-haired, large limbed dogs with short broad heads, in colour varying from black to grey blue, with a mixture of white in most cases.

The Scotch Collie is an altogether handsomer-looking animal than the foregoing, but as bred for show purposes, it has, we fancy, deteriorated in useful qualities. Robert Burns, in singing the praises of his collie "Luath," tells us in the following lines what he should be like:

> He was a gash and faithfu' tyke
> As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
> His honest, sonsie, bawsint face
> Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
> His breast was white, his towzie back
> Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black.
> His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
> Hung ower his hurdies wi' a swurl.



MR. J. S. DIGGLE'S SCOTCH COLLIE, "CHORLTON PRECILLA."

Mr. Diggle's "Chorlton Precilla" is one of the best of her breed, she is black, white and tan in colour, with beautiful head, and a graceful body, and is a veritable champion in the show-ring, as, among numerous first-class prizes, she took the Championship and Sixty-Guinea Trophy for the best Collie at the Palace show last October.

(To be completed next month.)

The Memoirs of Dr. Francis Wiseman.

Compiled from Private Papers by his friend, the Rev. David Spencer: to which are added certain Critical Observations and Elucidations by Professor Otto Schultz, the distinguished Oriental Scholar. The whole now published for the first time, and forming an astounding Present-day Narrative of the Invisible and Supernatural.

By PAUL SETON,

Author of "Revelations of a London Pawnbroker," Confessions of a Royal Academician," &c. &c.



AGREED TO LET THE PAST DROP ENTIRELY.

VI. A Horrible Suggestion.

FOR the next few years nothing occurred to in any way disturb the perfect happiness of our married life. My wife, indeed, would at times lament that no sunny-faced children were vouchsafed to her, and that in her case the sweetest and strongest passion which God has implanted in the female breast remained unsatisfied. But beyond this all was peaceful and unalloyed bliss. My practice steadily increased, and proportionately also, my wealth. In fact, I may say without conceit that at this period I was generally recognised, even by the medical profession, as a specialist of European reputation, whose fame was scarcely susceptible of augmentation. The great pressure of work upon me—for I was almost incessantly occupied with my patients from morning till night—effectually precluded on my part any resumption of my previous investigations into the history and exercise of the occult arts. Had, however, such been possible, I much doubt if, with my recent experiences still fresh in my memory, I should have cared

to pursue the subject further. My wife and I had mutually agreed to let the past drop entirely—at any rate, so far as open reference to it was concerned; and though there were, unquestionably, times when our thoughts refused to be controlled, and strayed, against our will, into forbidden domains, still outwardly no sign was ever made by either of us that the eventful days preceding our marriage had any place in our remembrance. So passed the years quietly and happily until the close of 1886.

It wanted but a week to Christmas—which we proposed spending at the Cheshire seat of my father-in-law, the Earl of Faversham—when I received a totally unexpected visit from my friend, Walter Graham. I was, of course, delighted to see him again after so long a period, but I was sorry to observe that he was looking much paler and thinner than of old. His face, too, wore a haggard and anxious appearance which immediately excited my concern, and altogether it was very obvious to my trained eye that my friend was far from being well.

I purposely abstained from remarking on this at the time, knowing, as I did, his rooted objection to any reference to the state of his health. Later on, however, when we sat chatting over our cigars in my study, I ventured to cautiously approach the subject.

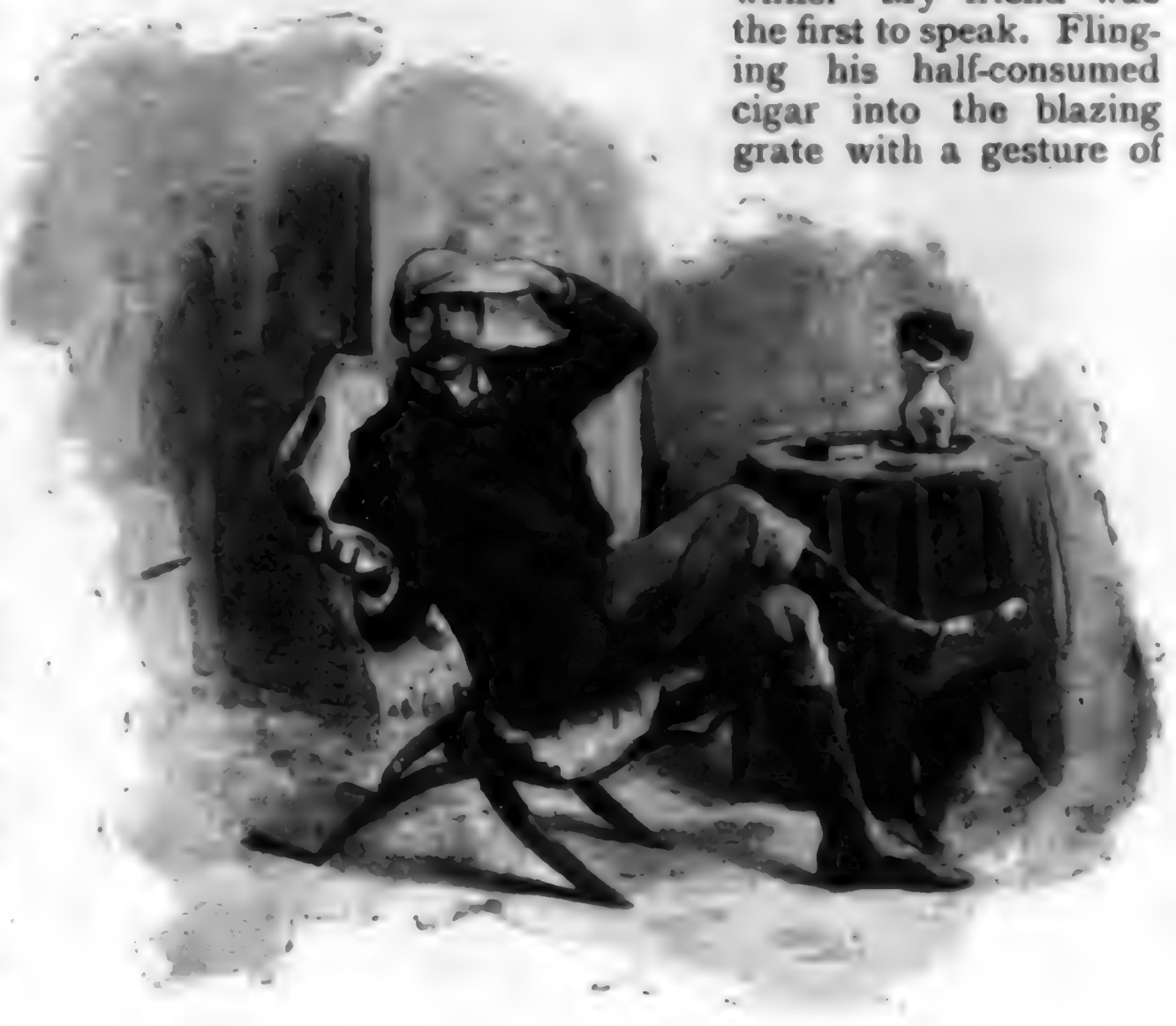
"Graham," I said, with an assumption of carelessness which was entirely hypocritical, "I'm afraid you've been overworking yourself a bit lately. You've let your system run down too fast. You want a tonic—a change. Why not come and spend Christmas with us at Faversham Hall?"

Graham shook his head in a melancholy fashion.

"That is impossible," he replied quietly; "though, indeed, had circumstances been different from what they are, nothing would have given me greater pleasure."

There was an unmistakable ring of sadness in his voice which was as depressing as it was rare. I stole another furtive glance at him out of my half-closed eyes, and then for the first time I realised how greatly altered for the worse was this man of iron nerves—this splendid specimen of God's noblest creation, endowed with the fullest perfection of mental and physical attributes. In addition to his pallor and emaciation, there would occasionally flit across his face a startled, apprehensive look that reminded me of nothing so much as a hunted animal at bay. There was also a nervous twitching in his limbs, especially in his hands, which did not escape my observation; and I noticed, further, that on the little finger of the left hand he wore a slender metal ring, apparently fashioned from highly-polished steel, which he kept continually turning in a mechanical manner from left to right.

For some moments the silence remained unbroken, save for the ticking of the clock upon the mantel. Graham sat staring abstractedly at the fire, and I continued secretly watching him the while. My friend was the first to speak. Flinging his half-consumed cigar into the blazing grate with a gesture of



FLINGING HIS HALF-CONSUMED CIGAR INTO THE GRATE.

mingled impatience and despair, he exclaimed abruptly:

"Wiseman, you think that I am seriously ill. There is no mistaking your voice and manner. Well, I will not attempt to deceive you. I am ill, very ill, but my malady, unhappily, is far beyond the reach of even your justly-renowned skill. Yes," he continued quickly, speaking as if under some uncontrollable influence, and with inconceivable bitterness, "absurd and ridiculous in the highest degree as it must appear to you, my present appearance is solely owing to the fact that I am unfortunately in the power of a potent spirit, far mightier in every respect than myself."

I stared at him in great surprise for some moments. Although I was, of course, perfectly aware of the fascination which the supernatural had always had for him—and indeed for both of us—I could not but feel the utmost amazement at this remarkable and unexpected declaration. For the time being I quite forgot that the duties of my married life, and the continuous care of an ever-increasing circle of patients, had caused me to bestow but irregular and fugitive thoughts during the past five years upon a subject which, probably, had been present and predominant in his mind the whole period. It was, therefore, with a curiosity not altogether unmixed with a certain vague alarm, that I said:

"In the power of a spirit mightier than yourself! What in the name of common sense am I to understand by that?"

"Simply this," replied Graham with outward composure, though I could see, from the nervous way in which his underjaw was working, that he was deeply moved, "I am in the clutches of a devil, who holds me at his mercy—a fiend that I made the fatal mistake of imagining was under perfect and absolute control. Alas! for my headstrong foolishness. He is now my undisputed master, and I am the most abject of his slaves."

I felt too much bewildered by what I had just heard to return any fitting or coherent answer. Had any other man but Graham openly stated such a thing to me I should have had not the slightest hesitation in regarding it as the hallucination of a diseased brain. But Graham was the last individual in the world whom I should have suspected of suffering from any disorder of the mind. That keen intellect and cool, discriminating judgment had always been objects of my special admiration, and it was impossible for me to suppose that they had been suddenly overthrown, and that I was now in the company of a madman. I was still pondering what reply was best suited to the occasion when Graham saved me any further trouble on that score by saying quietly:

"Would you like to hear the tale? It is principally to tell you that I am here this evening."

I eagerly signified my assent, and after a slight pause, during which he seemed to be revolving the most appropriate language in which to couch his narrative, he turned his eyes with a mournful gaze upon my face, and began in a subdued voice.

VII. Graham Tells a Strange Story.

"You must know, then," he said—and I remarked that his voice, although low, was firm and resolute, as if he had purposely braced himself up for the telling of his story—"that the deep impression left upon my mind by the extraordinary episode in which the Prince di Ricordo played so prominent a part—an episode which, fortunately, resulted so happily for you—instead of diminishing, unmistakably increased in intensity with the lapse of time. Do what I would, I found myself totally unable to banish, even for a single day, the recollection of that mysterious man, and those wonderful twin stones, of whose virtues we knew next to nothing, but the potency of which we had seen manifested in so striking a manner. The more I revolved the matter the more convinced did I become that the source of the Prince's marvellous power was not to be sought in any legitimate direction. From this conclusion I was speedily forced to another, namely, that if he drew his power from the unseen world, it must unquestionably be of malefic, and possibly even of direct Satanic origin. This was a gruesome and uncomfortable enough thought in all conscience; yet I could not persuade myself that it rested on nothing more substantial than mere assumption. In fact, to my mind its probability waxed greater and greater day by day until at last it admitted of no uncertainty whatever. I need not tell you what interest I

have always taken in everything appertaining to occultism—an interest which, I think I am justified in saying, until your marriage, we shared in common."

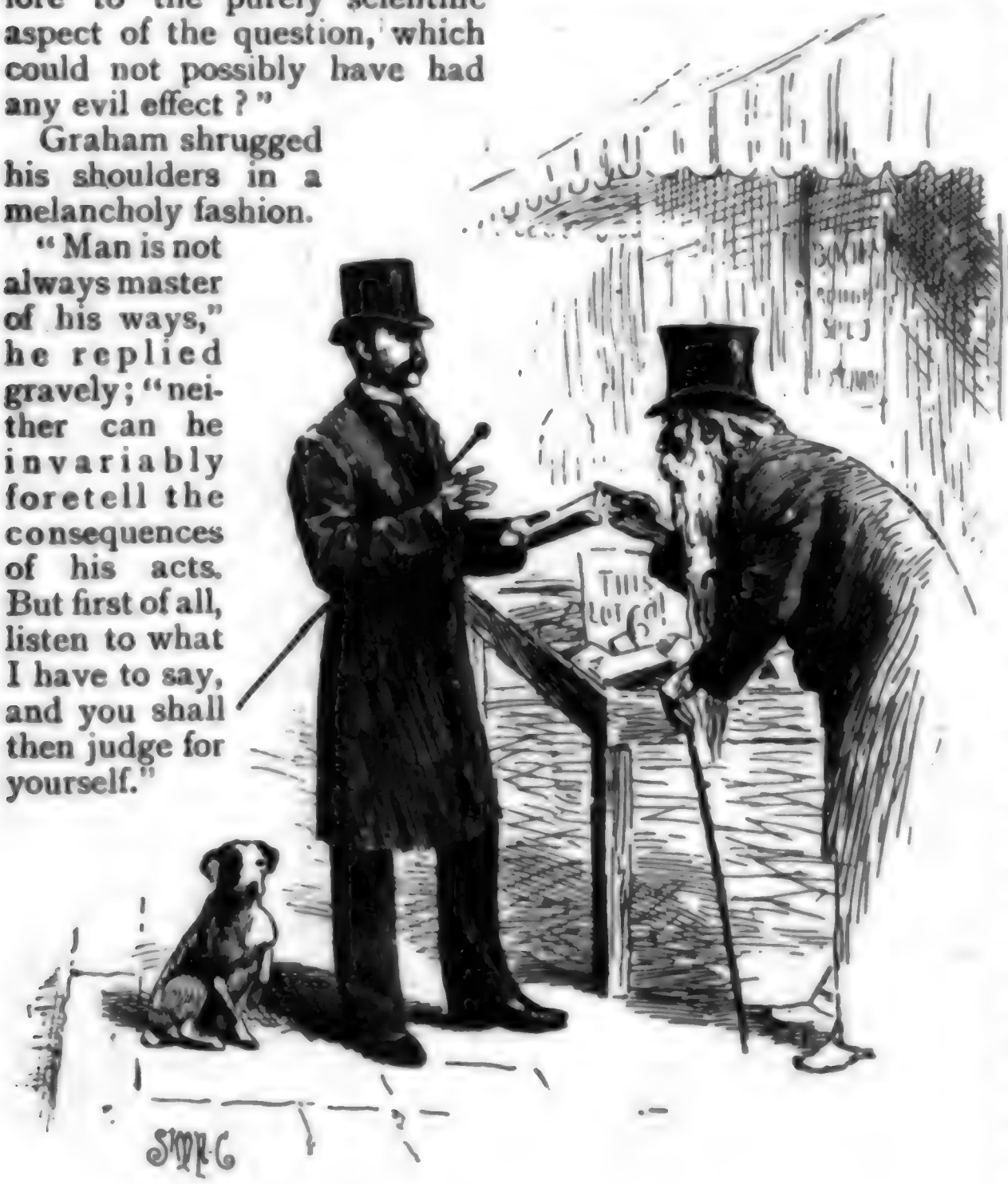
"And do now, for the matter of that," I interrupted at this point. "My interest in the subject has never waned, though my opportunities for study recently have been exceedingly small."

"Of course I can quite understand how much more profitably your time is occupied nowadays," returned Graham, with a faint smile; "and, indeed, my own experience is not such as should encourage any man in the attempt to raise the veil which wisely separates us from the invisible world."

"Then what in the name of goodness induced you to do so?" I somewhat inconsiderately blurted out. "Why did you not confine your researches as heretofore to the purely scientific aspect of the question, which could not possibly have had any evil effect?"

Graham shrugged his shoulders in a melancholy fashion.

"Man is not always master of his ways," he replied gravely; "neither can he invariably foretell the consequences of his acts. But first of all, listen to what I have to say, and you shall then judge for yourself."



"SUDDENLY TURNED ROUND TO ME, AND SAID."

Thus rebuked, I held my peace, nor did I once further interrupt my friend until the conclusion of his narrative.

"As I have said," continued Graham, after a slight pause, "the impression made upon me by the events immediately preceding your marriage was of a deep and permanent character. Of course, with mesmerism, in its various branches and aspects, I was well acquainted, it having been comprised in the range of my occult studies. But the entire surroundings of this affair were so exceedingly uncommon, and so utterly distinct from anything which I had hitherto come across, that the very remembrance of it held me perfectly fascinated. Hypnotic suggestion, it is true, was sufficient to explain, in some measure, that prolonged and awful trance, but the mystery of the stones remained, and, more insoluble still, the mystery of the man himself. In short, this subject, like the poor, was ever with me, and my curiosity to learn the real secret of the Prince's power rose daily higher and higher within me until finally it reached fever point.

"It was in this frame of mind that I stopped by chance, one morning, at a bookseller's stall, and ran my eye mechanically over the contents. A small volume, in French, on mesmerism caught my attention, and drawing it from its place, I began glancing through the contents. It was not a very remarkable work, and, so far as a cursory examination went, did not seem likely to add much to my store of information on the subject. However, as the price was small, I resolved to purchase it; and I was fumbling in my pocket for the necessary sum, when a little old man, with a long, grey beard, who had

been standing at my side examining some other books, suddenly turned round to me, and said:

"'You are interested in mesmerism, perhaps? It is a curious science, and one to which I have myself devoted a considerable amount of time and attention, but I do not think you will find that book of much service to you.'

"On being thus unexpectedly addressed, I turned round on my part, and took a good look at the stranger who had just spoken. He was a man whose age might have been put down at anything between sixty and ninety, but probably the mean would not have been far from correct. He was considerably shorter than the usual run of mankind, and the lower half of his face was completely obliterated by his immense beard, which reached nearly to his waist. But the most remarkable feature about him was his eyes, the piercing brilliancy of which the extreme sallowness of his complexion only served to enhance.

"As a rule, I am not much given to reciprocate advances of this sort, neither am I in any way partial to entering into conversation with casual strangers whom I may happen to meet in the streets. But somehow this man interested me. For one thing, his voice was deliciously soft and musical, and voices of that description have always had a special charm for me. Besides, he spoke like a highly-cultivated man, and I could not forbear thinking that he could probably tell me more about mesmerism in an hour than I should be likely to obtain from books by months of reading. I did not, therefore, repulse him, as I should most certainly have done any other person thus unknown to me; but slipping my purchase into my pocket, I strolled up the street in the company of my new acquaintance, chatting meanwhile about Mesmer and the science now popularly known by his name. When we arrived at the corner, I stopped, and my companion did likewise. I was about to say 'Good-day,' when, abruptly contracting his shaggy grey eyebrows until they formed an unbroken line, he darted from under them a piercing glance, and said:

"'Dr. Graham, I have in my possession an exceedingly rare book, which contains an exhaustive analysis of the subject we have just been discussing. If you would like to see it, I shall have much pleasure in bringing it round to your rooms to-night.'

"To say that I was surprised at this unanticipated proposition is a mild way of stating a fact. That the old man should be familiar with my name and address astonished me at first a great deal more than it need have done, for, as I remembered during my subsequent walk homewards, at that particular time the town was literally gay with my photographs, in consequence of a series of lectures upon the indestructibility of matter, which I was then engaged in delivering. Still, the proposal was so strange and unusual, coming, as it did, from a person whom, until ten minutes ago, I had never before seen in my life, that I could not altogether suppress a slight look of wonder, which my companion was not slow in perceiving.

"'You will excuse me, doctor,' he said mildly, 'if I have, in your estimation, overstepped, in any way, the lines of fashionable custom which are supposed to guard polite society, but which should surely be regarded with indifference by men of science and seekers after truth. My offer was made in all good faith, but if you do not care to accept it, you have but to say so, and the matter is at an end.'

"I took another good look at this very unconventional personage, without, however, adding much to my stock of wisdom by so doing. As you know, I am by no means over fond of strangers, while any disturbance of my evenings I have always regarded with especial dislike. But there was something about this old man which was so earnest and impressive that, after a moment's reflection, I decided to throw all other considerations to the winds, and gave a hesitating consent.

"Eight o'clock was the hour fixed for the visit of the stranger whose acquaintance I had made in so singular a manner. Whatever his shortcomings might be, the vice of unpunctuality was certainly not to be numbered among them. The first stroke of the hour had scarcely sounded when I heard a quick, firm step ascending the stairs, and the last reverberation had barely died away when the door was opened, and my friend of the morning stood before me. Somehow in the mellow glow of the lamp he appeared a much more distinguished-looking person than he did out in the street under the sickly light of the winter sun. He carried under his arm a leather-bound volume which

was apparently of some antiquity, and which he was careful to deposit safely upon the table ere he spoke a single word. After the interchange of those civilities which custom demanded, I invited him to be seated by the fire, having first offered him some refreshments, which, however, he positively declined. I drew another chair up to the fire, and waited for him to begin the conversation, for, to tell the truth, this strange visit embarrassed me not a little. He did not keep me waiting long, but taking the book from the table, he passed it on to me, saying as he did so,

"'I believe, doctor, that in this volume you will find set down everything worth knowing that has yet been discovered in connection with what is popularly, though incorrectly, known as mesmerism; for I need hardly tell you,' he added with a smile, 'that this science was well known and largely made use of thousands of years before the birth of the man from whom it takes its latter-day name.'

"I took the volume which he held out to me with a growing sense of curiosity that was in nowise lessened by the words to which I had just listened; and I felt now more than ever convinced that my surmise of the morning was perfectly accurate, and that I had before me a man who was, without doubt, a past-master in this, and, it might well be, even deeper and more perilous arts. The book was unquestionably a very remarkable one. Bound in some curious sort of leather, it had embossed upon its covers various strange and unfamiliar symbols, and it was fastened together by two massive steel clasps which, although they must have been of considerable age, were as fresh and glittering as the day on which they had felt the last tap of the artificer's hammer. Indeed, the brightness of those clasps and the freshness of the leather might well have belonged to quite a modern epoch, yet there was a subtle and nameless something about the volume that unmistakably proclaimed its old time origin. But when I opened it, I found ampler cause for astonishment. The parchment leaves were fresh and firm, but the ink employed in the writing had faded away to a pale and with difficulty decipherable yellow. This, combined with the fact that the language employed was Latin—not the Latin of our schoolboy days, but a curious tongue, full of quaint phrases and obscurely-turned sentences—made its perusal anything but easy. I turned to the stranger with a surprise I was unable to conceal, and said,

"'This is truly a most uncommon work, and its amazing incongruity seems well nigh inexplicable. One might almost imagine from its freshness that it had but yesterday left the binder's hands, did not the faded ink tell quite another story.'

"'Yes,' returned my visitor quietly,



"HE PASSED IT ON TO ME."

'taking it altogether, it may be said to be fairly well preserved for a volume considerably over two thousand years of age.'

"'What!' I exclaimed, uncertain if I had heard aright. 'Do I understand you to say this book is over two thousand years old? It seems incredible.'

"'It is even so,' he replied mildly, and then relapsed into his former silence. As

he manifested no inclination to add to what he had already said, I resumed my examination of the book with a quickened interest. It certainly must have been one of the most wonderful works ever produced, for though it was explicitly declared to be over twenty centuries old, it not only contained a full exposition of the science with which it dealt, but it also actually anticipated all the later discoveries of Mesmer, and, indeed, went even considerably beyond them. Undoubtedly, it was a marvellous production, and as I turned leaf after leaf, I became oblivious of the flight of time, and of the strange presence sitting opposite me in patient silence.

"When I recalled myself, with a sudden effort, from the clouds, a glance at the clock told my astonished eyes that I had passed upwards of two hours in this way, though, had I relied on my other senses, I should have declared that the time so spent had not exceeded a quarter of an hour. I hastened to apologise for my unintentional rudeness, when the owner of the book which had so strangely fascinated me stopped me with a gesture of courteous deprecation.

"'I am by no means surprised,' he said in his rich, musical voice, 'at the interest you have evinced this evening, and indeed I should have been disappointed had such not been the case. It affords me much gratification to think that I should have been the means of thus enabling you to obtain a fuller insight into the mysteries of this branch of magnetism. I have some still rarer volumes at my house which might interest you still more, if you would deign to honour my humble abode with a visit.'

"I was so completely charmed with the book, and so impressed with the unobtrusive yet by no means undignified behaviour of its fortunate possessor, that I lent a willing ear to this proposition, and it was finally arranged that I should call upon him the following Tuesday at the same hour as had been fixed for his visit to me. Refusing steadfastly all my pressing offers of hospitality, save that of a glass of water, he shortly after took his departure, leaving with me, to my great joy, his rare and wonderful book.

"During the intervening days, I spent much time in still further making myself acquainted with its contents, and the more I did so the more astonished did I become at the wide comprehensiveness of its scope, the completeness of its detail, and the unerring accuracy and positiveness of its propositions. Surely the man who wrote it must have been a great man among his people, and indeed among the peoples of the world, to have possessed such a marvellous knowledge of a subject which, two thousand years after his existence, still baffled and perplexed the most learned men of the time. When not engaged in these reflections, I found myself wondering at the strange chance which had brought me into unexpected contact with the owner of such a book, and I waited with no small amount of curiosity and impatience for the arrival of the day when I was again to see this remarkable man and his even still more remarkable books."

VIII. In the House of the Jew.

"It was a wild and stormy evening, that ever memorable Tuesday upon which I paid my first visit to the house of the newest of my acquaintances. It was situated in the far outskirts of the town, and the journey to it, undertaken in the teeth of a biting, boisterous east wind



"IT WAS A WILD AND STORMY EVENING."

which drove before it, with blinding ferocity, dense clouds of pulverised frozen snow, was scarcely one upon which I should have ventured, had it not been for the overpowering curiosity to know more of this strange man which was predominant over all other feelings in my breast. When, after considerable difficulty, I arrived at my destination, I found myself outside a large brick edifice, the only claim of which to distinction was its exceeding ugliness. I rang the bell, and was admitted by a servant whose dusky skin and flowing dress betokened plainly his Eastern origin. The hall, dimly lighted, was bare and cheerless, but not more so than the desolate room into which I was ushered while the man departed to announce my arrival. In a few moments he returned, saying that the Master awaited me, and requesting me to follow him, he led the way down a long and dreary passage until our further progress was finally barred by a thick and heavy curtain. Lifting this aside with one hand, he motioned me to enter, and I stepped forward through the opening, to find myself the next moment standing bewildered in a scene of the richest and most lavish Oriental splendour, the magnificence of which was only enhanced by the remembrance of the contrast which prevailed without. Here the floor was covered with luxurious and multi-coloured rugs, into which the foot sank softly without the slightest sound, while the walls were covered with costly silken embroideries, heavily worked with gold. Around the room were scattered small exquisitely-fashioned tables, cunningly inlaid with priceless woods, many of them supporting elaborately-chased vessels of various quaint and fanciful designs; and dotted here and there over the apartment, stood tall, slender, metal tripods, wrought with a skill immeasurably beyond the powers of our debased Western workmen. But most curious of all was the lamp suspended by a threefold silver chain from the ceiling. It was apparently of pure crystal, with neither oil nor wick, nor any other visible means of producing light, yet it glowed with a soft and steady brilliancy which penetrated every corner of the room, and cast an ethereal effulgence over the scene such as I cannot even attempt to describe. There were no chairs, but their place was appropriately taken by magnificent ottomans, richly upholstered in costly silks, and each in the very highest style of Oriental art.

"In the midst of all these splendid surroundings, stood the man by whose invitation I was there that night—he to whom the Eastern servant had referred as "the Master"—waiting to receive me. But what a marvellous alteration had taken place in his appearance! The quasi-shabby, conventional clothes of the nineteenth century were gone, and a long, flowing purple robe, reaching down to his feet, substituted in their stead, whilst on his head he wore a turban of finest linen, in the folds of which there sparkled and gleamed a stone which fairly rivalled in the magnificence of its appearance the one which was the means of giving you your wife. But the most surprising thing of all was the alteration in the man himself. No longer like an insignificant collector of scarce and antique literature, he stood erect, his long grey beard reaching down to his girdle, his keen, intelligent eyes alert and flashing, his whole form alive with conscious dignity and power—a very prince among the children of men.

"For some moments surprise completely deprived me of the faculty of coherent speech, and I replied at random to the courteous though commonplace observations made by my host while coffee and sherbet were being handed round by the servant. But no sooner had the man withdrawn than my host's demeanour underwent a remarkable change. Abandoning the light and easy tone which up to this point he had employed, he turned his large grey eyes upon me with the same peculiar contraction of the shaggy brows which I had before observed, and said gravely,

"'Dr. Graham, you may imagine that I should not have put you to the trouble of coming here this evening had I not desired to talk with you upon matters in which I believe we both take a deep and abiding interest.'

"What was it, I wondered to myself, that made that face seem so suddenly familiar to me? Surely I had seen it or its double somewhere before, yet, for the life of me, I could not in the slightest degree recall when, or where, or how! I passed my hand painfully over my brow in the effort to force my recollection, but it was useless. The thing had gone from me. My memory refused to act. It was lost.

"Still keeping his eyes fixed upon me with the same penetrating gaze, my companion surprised me still further by saying,

"'You are endeavouring to recall when, and where, and under what circumstances you imagine you have previously seen my face. I will at once relieve your mind on that point. Upon this countenance you have never set eyes before that morning of last week when we met for the first time outside the bookseller's shop. But I had a brother, and that brother, while in the flesh, you have met. Do you remember a certain nameless stranger who died in the hospital in which you completed your medical studies, and who was known to you and others simply as Number 23?'

"I started back as though I had been shot. 'Great heavens!' I exclaimed, 'do you mean to tell me that you are the brother of that mystic Jew by whose dying bedside I stood with my friend Wiseman?'

"'Even so,' replied my companion with a faint sigh. 'That was my eldest brother, whom I loved more dearly than my own soul.'

"'How strange!' I cried, impulsively. 'How marvellous that we should thus come together after so many years! But,' I enquired, after a slight pause, during which my wonderment had time to become tinged with a faint touch of suspicion, 'in what way did you become aware that I was in the hospital in which your brother died?'

"My companion gave a somewhat disdainful smile.



"'WHOM I LOVED MORE DEARLY THAN MY OWN SOUL."

"'That were indeed an easy thing to discover,' he replied. 'A reference to the official records would have enabled anyone without difficulty to acquaint himself with that fact, my knowledge of which appears to cause you such surprise. I would that all the problems with which I have been confronted during my life had been as easy of solution.'

"I felt abashed at this implied rebuke, but my companion, without taking any notice of my confusion, continued in the same grave and measured tones:

"'When my brother was admitted to that institution he had, to my positive belief, a certain valuable stone in his possession. It was to enquire whether you could give me any information as to its ultimate fate that I have taken the liberty of asking you here this evening.'

"I naturally hesitated before returning an answer to a question of this character, having regard to the other interests besides my own involved in the reply. My companion perceived my reluctance, and looking at me as though he would read the innermost recesses of my soul, he said,

"'Let not my question discompose you, but let me urge you to tell me frankly all you know of this matter, for I swear to you by the great God of Abraham that it shall be to your great and lasting welfare to do so. And let me tell you further that, had I been so minded, I could well and easily, by virtue of the powers which I possess, have obtained from you the information I solicit, even against



"'I WILL TEAR FROM HIS ACCURSED CLUTCH THIS STONE.'"

your will, but it is my wish that you should freely and without compulsion tell me all you know.'

"Thus adjured, and convinced, moreover, that the Jew's brother meditated nothing of an evil or designing nature—and also, for aught I can say, impelled thereto by the steady, soul-searching gaze of those calm grey eyes—I told him forthwith the whole of the strange story in which you, and the Prince di Ricordo, and the dead man's stone, had played so momentous and extraordinary a part. He listened with a profound and melancholy attention to my tale, nor did he interrupt me with any question until I had finished. For some moments he remained as though buried in a profound reverie, and then raising his head, he said,

"'Much of this I already knew, and of the remainder I surmised the greater portion. Nevertheless I thank you for your candour, which, be assured, is fully appreciated, and which shall not go unrewarded.'

"I protested that I wished for no reward; and, after a time, summoned up sufficient courage to enquire what he intended doing.

"'What do I intend to do?' he repeated slowly and thoughtfully: then, with a sudden flare of passion, the more appalling that it was so totally unexpected, he cried vehemently: 'I will tell you what I will do. I will seek out this being who calls himself the Prince di Ricordo wherever he may be, and neither earth, nor water, nor air shall shelter him from me, and when I have found him I will tear from his accursed clutch this stone which, in his hands, can work nothing but a heritage of woe to the world. Yes,' he continued, stretching out his arms as though invoking some unseen presence, 'I will see whether his false spirit can successfully contend with me, though never in my life have I entered into a contest fraught with such immense and terrific peril. But, praise to the Highest, great is truth, and beyond all doubt it shall ultimately prevail.'

"There was something so imposing in the appearance of my companion as he stood there with uplifted arms and flashing eyes, that I felt a kind of awe steal in upon me as I gazed. His whole being



"SALAAMING PROFOUNDLY, THE DUSKY SERVITOR WITHDREW."

seemed invested with a further dignity, and even his stature appeared to increase, as he thus delivered himself in burning words against the man who had done this thing. I remained as if stricken dumb, and in very truth there was that in the situation in which I found myself which was well calculated to supply the most thoughtless with food for uneasy reflection. But, as if aware of what was passing in my mind, after the lapse of a few moments, he turned again to me, and said softly,

"'Dr. Graham, your conduct throughout has been that which I might have expected from an honourable man like yourself. Would you like me now to show you something in return?'

"I silently signified my assent, and rising, my host smote sharply a small silver gong which stood by his side. In a minute the form of the Oriental servant appeared from behind the curtain in the entrance, standing respectfully with folded arms, awaiting his master's commands.

"'Sadoc,' said the latter, 'come hither, and place before me the crystal which I obtained from Cothrob, King of the Nether World.'



"SUDDENLY A BRIGHT EMERALD FLAME DARTED UP."

"The servant bowed low and retired. In a short space of time he returned, bearing in his hand a large crystal ball which he placed on a golden tripod that he had previously set in front of us.

"'That will do, Sadoc,' said his master, waving his hand with a gesture of dismissal; 'you may go.' And again salaaming profoundly, the dusky servitor withdrew.

"Spreading his hands over the crystal, my host passed them to and fro thrice, at the same time moving his lips, although no audible words issued therefrom. Then, sinking back again upon his ottoman, he bade me look and tell him what I saw.

"I advanced and gazed long and earnestly at the crystal ball before me. For some time I saw nothing save the reflection of my own face: then gradually a series of agitated waves seemed to spring up in the centre, passing rapidly from side to side with a disturbed, irregular motion. But I perceived nothing more, though once I fancied I detected the dim outline of two figures, standing with

threatening looks before a roughly-hewn altar of stone. Fearing, however, that this might be nothing more than the outcome of my imagination, I remained silent, and forbore to tell of what I thought I saw. While I continued gazing with straining eyes upon the crystal sphere before me, in the hope of seeing something more definite and tangible, it suddenly assumed a dense, opaque, milky appearance which effectually shut out from my vision any sight which it might have possibly contained.

"I hastened to communicate this fact to my companion, who received it with obvious annoyance and a further contraction of his shaggy brows.

"'The hour is not propitious, I fear,' he said vexedly; 'or else there is a power working against me of which I am at present ignorant. However, we will try another experiment, and see if Fate will be more kindly disposed towards us this time.'

"With these words, he arose, and placing upon another tripod a small brass chafing dish, he sprinkled thereon a quantity of greenish-looking powder which he took from a packet he had drawn from the folds of his flowing robe. Over this he likewise stretched out his hands, moving them to and fro thrice, as he had done in the case of the crystal, while at the same time his lips moved silently as before.

"Suddenly a bright emerald flame darted up to the ceiling, burning with a fierce brilliancy for a few seconds and then subsiding as rapidly as it rose, leaving in its place a thick, heavy vapour that gradually spread completely over one side of the room like a curtain. Once more my companion advanced, this time with arms outstretched to their fullest capacity, while the movements of his lips were redoubled in intensity. After an interval the curtain of smoke slowly parted, and we beheld obscurely two figures confronting each other with menacing gestures before an altar composed of heaped-up stones—a repetition, in short, of what I had fancied I had dimly perceived in the crystal. But the picture was blurred and indistinct, and, even as we gazed, began to fade away into nothingness. Then the heavy smoke curtain rolled slowly back again, and we saw no more.

"I turned with a look of inquiry to the Master who stood by my side, and I was surprised to see that he had become as pale as death itself. He was evidently under the influence of some deep and strong emotion, which for the time completely absorbed every faculty of his being. When he had recovered sufficient control of himself to enable him to speak, his voice was low and anxious.

"'There is, I fear,' he said, with a troubled expression on his face, 'some greater and more powerful force at work against me than up to the present I had any conception of. It is imperative that I should proceed at once to ascertain the exact nature and extent of this force which has twice thwarted me in the exercise of my power, and I am afraid I shall have to ask you to excuse me if I bring this interview to an abrupt termination.'

"But I had no intention of being thus put off. 'What do you propose doing next?' I inquired with a curiosity which completely overmastered any sense of fear.

"He gazed at me fixedly before replying, and then said: 'What I propose to do is that which you are not strong enough to witness. I must summon and hold consultation with one of the mighty spirits from the invisible world.'

"Strangely enough these solemn and significant words failed to in any way appal me. Indeed, their only effect was to heighten my curiosity beyond all measure, and I resolved in my foolish strength that I would at all costs be present at this dread invocation, were such a thing possible of achievement.

"I intimated my wish to my companion, but he only shook his head in reply. Emboldened by this lack of strenuous opposition on his part, I preferred my request again in still more daring language, protesting, at the same time, my strength and fitness for any such ordeal. He heard me in silence throughout, and remained for some time after I had finished speaking buried in profoundest thought. At length, raising his head, which he had allowed to sink gently upon his bosom, he again fixed upon me that keen, penetrating look before which I previously had to droop my eyes, and after a further pause, said gently:

"'My son, you know not what you ask. This thing is given but to few to understand, and can only be witnessed in fear and trembling by those of the strongest and most invincible courage. Have you the strength to await in calmness the

awful appearance of one of the great spirits of the air?'

"'I have, my father,' I replied, insensibly accepting the position in which he had placed me by his address. 'With you at my side to protect me, I should fear absolutely nothing.'

"Again he looked at me sharply with those soul-dividing eyes. 'Even so be it,' he answered slowly at last, folding his arms upon his breast, and inclining his head as he spoke; 'you are more worthy than any other I know to witness this awful sight. Yes,' he continued, with another inclination of the head, 'it shall be even as you have said.'

"'And when shall all this take place, my father?' I inquired, with a curious fluttering at my heart.

"'Even now, my son,' was the calm response. 'I have already delayed too long. I am threatened by foes of whose movements and intentions I am in total ignorance, and every moment increases the peril in which I stand. There is no time to be lost. The period of delay is irrevocably past.'"



"'WHEN SHALL ALL THIS TAKE PLACE?'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HIDDEN SKETCHES.—FIND THE OTHER IMAGE VENDOR AND TWO IMAGES.

The Priest's Sacrifice.

By GEORGE CANNINGE.

"TIME the sledge was at the door, Lydie."

"I hear the bells even now while we are speaking. You are sure you are warmly enough clad, uncle Christophe?"

"Were I to put on more wraps people would take me for a mummy, instead of a curé."

"But remember the bitingly cold air."

As though to emphasize her remark, Lydie took up a pair of large fur gloves and proceeded to place them on her uncle's hands. This process over, she asked herself half aloud, "Nothing else, is there?"

"I trust not," the curé replied, resignedly; "for at present I can neither breathe nor move."

"You will soon breathe when you get into the open air. Stop, we are forgetting your gun."

"Gun! Why should I take a gun?"

"In case of wolves."

"Wolves! quelle bétise! Why, I have lived here fifteen years and have never once seen so much as a single wolf."

"Then if you have not, others have."

"Who has?"

"Paul Bernier, par exemple. He says he caught sight of one only yesterday, and fired at him, but was too far off to hit him. You forget what a desperate winter we are having. Paul says these wolves come over the mountains from Spain—great, large black ones. Starving and unable to find food, they are ready to eat anything that comes in their way."

"You don't say so," the curé replied, smiling incredulously. "However, to satisfy you, I'll take the gun. But of what use is a gun without ammunition?"

"I have thought of that too. Here it is, wrapped up in the same parcel with the things for Clémence, in order that you shall have only one package to carry."

"Was ever such a thoughtful niece!" Father Christophe exclaimed, as he passed his arm round the girl and smoothed her hair gently.

"I wish you had not got to go," Lydie went on after a short pause, placing her hand on her uncle's arm as though to detain him.

"Why, chérie, you speak as if I were about to undertake a perilous journey, instead of only a sick-call little more than two leagues off."

"You will be back before nightfall?"

"Without doubt."

"Come, warm yourself once more, if only for a little. Let the fire cling round you till the last moment."

As he stoops over the blazing logs, a good opportunity is given of observing Father Christophe Vandon more closely. The flames thrown by the pine-logs light up the handsome, though pinched and ascetic face of a man of some sixty years of age. The nose is prominent and thin, albeit well shaped; the mouth mobile and plastic; and the eyes brilliant as burnished steel; yet not cold like the metal, for they can be very full of tenderness, very full of tears for the sorrowful, when occasion needs.

The parish of Golange, situated in one of the extreme southerly departments of France, straggled sadly, and covered a large area of ground. Do what he would, the curé was only able at times to visit its remote corners But let a special messenger be sent from a sick parishioner, and no matter what the distance, or the weather, Father Christophe would at once put horse to his ramshackle gig and bring spiritual, and, as often as not, material consolation besides, to the invalid's aid. On the particular occasion of which we speak, however, the gig would have been

of little avail, for the winter was the hardest that had been known for twenty years; so a sledge had been requisitioned from a farmer hard by, and Barnabé, one of the farm lads, had been deputed to act as driver.

"You will take every possible care of yourself, uncle," urged Lydie as a last word.

"Of course, child; never fear."

"Kiss me again, uncle, before you go."

"How solemn you look, Lydie. One would think I was leaving you never to return."

"Every undertaking in life has its own special solemnity."

"Maybe, mignonne; though, faith, I do not feel solemn—the prospect of the keen frosty air—of the drive over the smooth, untrodden snow, these tend more to raise my spirits than depress them. So, good-bye, child, good-bye—rather au revoir, and may the saints watch over you and guard you till I return."

The old man pressed the girl to his heart for an instant. Then the before-mentioned parcel is placed in the sledge, a warm rug thrown over the curé and Barnabé, and at a touch from the whip, the horse starts off at a brisk trot.

The road lay through the valley of the Garonne. Past vineyards that had long ago yielded up their fruit-clusters; by the side of fields where the maize had in summer-time grown in rich luxuriance, but where now only the cut stalks marked the place of former glory. A little farther on the olive and the aloe, struck down with the unwonted severity of the winter, stood out sad, icicle-covered skeletons of what once they had been. Then came single trees, spotting the landscape here and there, and guarding, sentinel-like, the entrance to a wood which the sledge presently entered, where the oak, the birch and the different varieties of pine struggled together for life, and where the fittest only survived. Emerging from the covert, the road for a mile or two became in its general characteristics like so many of those traversing the Garonne valley, uninteresting, flat and unprofitable.

At last the travellers spied a clump of half-a-dozen cottages that had huddled themselves together at the foot of a slight declivity.

"The one on the extreme left is Picard's," said the curé, pointing it out with his finger.

In front of the little house thus indicated Barnabé pulled up Tullie, the mare; and almost directly afterwards Picard himself stood at the door.

"You have arrived safely then, mon père," the man said. "Dieu merci!"

"Safe? Safe, my friend, as a Government loan. And Clémence?"

'She has been asleep—she is better."

"Come, that's brave!"

"Spiritual medicine is what she needs now."

"I will see your wife in a moment. Spiritual consolation has its value. Ah, but so has bodily consolation too! This little package contains—nay, cognac taken in small doses can hurt no one; no, nor jelly either, 'tis of my niece's making. These grapes, voyons! they are of my own growing, and last let me present to you this poularde—faith, she's as fat as a bishop!"

While the curé has been spreading out the good things on the table, Tullie has been brought round to the shed at the back of the house, and Barnabé soon afterwards finds himself in front of the kitchen fire.

Then Father Vandon, after a minute or two's further conversation with the husband, noiselessly ascends the stairs to the invalid's room.

* * *

"I must go, Picard. I have already stayed longer than I intended—I have not a moment to spare."

Pierre Picard helped the curé on with his warm clothing, while Barnabé hurried round to the shed to fetch Tullie and put her to.

Soon all was ready; and with devout thanks, again and again repeated, Pierre stood away from the horse's head, and the sledge started off on its journey towards home.

"Tullie is impatient, is she not, Barnabé? No need of a whip this time; she sails along like a ship under full canvas."

"She needs to, mon père; as it is we shall scarcely reach Golange by nightfall"

It was a delightful homeward drive; made all the pleasanter to the curé by the prospect of what awaited him at the other end—a glowing fire, a petit soupé and a welcome from his niece.

After a rather lengthy pause, Vandon spoke again, but his voice this time sounded low and drowsy.

"How still the evening," he said languidly; "driving through the frost-laden

air makes my eyes heavy. It is with difficulty I can keep them open. I am glad that poularde was—was so clear—no—'twas the jelly I meant—was so tender. I hope Pierre's wife will—that's right, Barnabé, my friend—drive stead——"

When Barnabé looked at his companion presently he perceived that the old man's head had sunk forward, and that his eyes were closed in sleep."

How long Father Christophe remained in this state he was not able to judge, probably only for a few minutes; but when he did once more open his eyes he felt himself fully awake on the instant.

What was it woke him so rudely?

He hardly knew.

They were now entering the same wood they had driven through when going to Picard's cottage.

"What was that, Barnabé?"

"Of what are you speaking, monsieur?"

"That sound. Do you hear nothing?"

"Nothing, mon père, but the horse's tread and the jingling of the bells."

The sound the curé heard was the almost noiseless patter, patter, patter of many feet, so soft, as though a troop of cavalry, wool-shod, was advancing upon them.

The priest looked round cautiously over his shoulder. An intuitive perception told him that something unusual was abroad. Yet he saw nothing. Stay, at some three hundred yards away he could just dimly discern what appeared like a dark cloud. A veil, rather—a mist, for it rose no higher than two or three feet above the level of the ground. It was too dark to distinguish any form in the cloud; though, even while he watched, it seemed to be drawing nearer to them. Vandon turned away his face, wondering whether he should say anything to Barnabé. After a short deliberation, he decided he would not. Not yet. Instead, he took out his beads and began to tell them over one by one.

Presently he again looked over his shoulder. This time the dark "mist" had drawn a little closer, and the soft patter, patter, patter could be more distinctly heard. A slight change, too, had taken place in the aspect of the steadily advancing mass. He noticed now a few specks upon its surface—small, glowing, livid specks; and as he listened more intently a new sound struck his ear—that of a sharp "yap," like a dog's yelp when he scents game.

When he heard that sound all doubt as to the real nature of the on-coming "cloud" fled from the curé's mind.

Father Christophe was not generally considered what is called a brave man; he entertained, for example, a wholesome terror of the sting of a wasp, and a thunderstorm had been known to make him quake. Yet he was of that class of men who, in moments of great danger, become absolutely calm. He knew, too, how infectious was calmness of mind, and how important it was to imbue others with the same feeling in a crisis. He therefore turned to his fellow-traveller and, in the tone of one who prefers an ordinary request, asked that his gun might be handed to him.

"Why, monsieur, is there any need of it?"

"Barnabé, there may be."

"What danger does monsieur fear?

"Do not be frightened, my boy, at what I am about to tell you. Fear but unnerves, and I want you to have all your best faculties about you."

Then he told him.

Barnabé gave a terrified look at the speaker and almost dropped his reins.

"Come, come, my lad," the curé went on in the same firm voice as before, "you, a man, and afraid before even danger is near! Give me the gun. There may be no need for it; so much the better. But one must be prepared; hand it me, I say, and—drive faster."

Barnabé handed the gun to the curé. Having done so, he took up his whip and urged on the mare. It would almost seem as though she had heard their conversation, short and low-spoken though the sentences had been. Or was it that she, too, had heard the "yapping," and knew as well as the priest himself what the sound meant? Whatever the reason, the horse threw up its head with a nervous movement and bounded forward almost before the whip had touched its sides.

"Now then, the powder and shot, Barnabé."

"What powder and what shot, mon père?"

"That which was placed in the parcel we carried with us. You saw Brigitte place a parcel under the seat before we left home?"

"Without doubt, monsieur le curé; but be pleased to remember that the parcel was left at Pierre Picard's; the powder

and shot must have been left with it. There is none here."

Father Vandon remembered it now. In the hurry and excitement of his departure from the cottage, the little store of ammunition had been left with the packet of provisions and clean forgotten!

Even when this dreadful reality smote upon him, the priest's presence of mind did not forsake him. He took up the gun—an old fashioned, muzzle-loading, double-barrelled one—and tested it carefully with the ramrod.

"It is loaded, however, mon ami. That was done when we were in fear of house-breakers a month ágo. That is something to be thankful for, is it not?"

They were still in the wood when Father Christophe once more looked over his shoulder. This time he remarked that the pack of wolves, which before had been somewhat scattered, had closed up their ranks a little, and presented a more solid phalanx. The increased speed to which the mare had been urged appeared to make no difference to their pursuers; the patter, patter sounded closer, the glowing eye-spots were more plainly visible. The curé fancied he could even hear the sound of measured breathing behind them. He felt that at any moment the leaders of the pack might rush impetuously forward, clamber up the sides of the sledge and be upon them.

"How many are there, mon père?" Barnabé asked in a frightened whisper. He himself had never so much as dared to look round.

"I cannot tell, they are so close together—sixty, seventy, eighty, perhaps."

Again the driver applied the whip; again the horse bounded forward, faster, ever faster. But this increased speed only resulted in causing the wolves to extend their long, lean legs. They still kept the same distance from the sledge as when the curé last looked. Perhaps the creatures were waiting till the travellers reached the open country, and thus be afforded more light and more space for their attack. It was certain that, at least, they had crept no nearer within the last few seconds.

But now, as the sledge neared the end of the wood, the pursuers seemed surely, though almost imperceptibly, to be gaining ground. So close actually had some three or four of the wolves drawn that Barnabé could have touched them with the end of his long whip-lash. The time for action had come!

Father Vandon gave his directions crisply, clearly, decisively, as does an officer on parade to his sergeant.

"When I say the word 'Now,' slacken your pace a little; that will bring the wolves closer up to us. It will enable me, too, the better to stand up steadily and take aim. Do not lose your nerve—do not lose your head. Keep cool; much depends on that."

"And if neither shot tells? If neither shot even frightens them?" Barnabé asked, in a voice dry and hard with terror.

"Then, my friend," the old priest answered, still speaking in even accents, though with an added solemnity in his voice, "then our shrift must be a short one. Death will be very near us then."

Still they hurried on, rushing through the air.

Now the curé rose, and steadying himself as best he could, knelt with one knee on the seat. This movement brought him face to face with the wolves. He could see their live-coal spots of eyes looking up at him—could see their fierce teeth gleaming just under him.

Although no actual aim was needed—so close-huddled together were the wolves, that had Vandon but fired into their midst it was unlikely his shot would not have told—still, knowing how much depended on it, the risk of missing must be reduced to a minimum. Father Christophe takes off his heavy gloves, the better to grip the gun and pull the trigger. As he does so he mentally picks out two wolves a yard or two in advance of the others. All is now ready. Suddenly he calls out "Now!" Barnabé, in response to the signal, with a strong effort forces Tullie to slacken speed. The movement has the effect Father Vandon intended. It was unexpected on the wolves' part, and it brings them up in confusion almost against the very back of the sledge. In an instant the gun is at the old priest's shoulder. For a second he takes steady aim, then fires With a yell, one of the wolves rolls over, dead.

What will happen next?

Seeing one of their leaders disposed of, the pack waver, then come to a sudden stand. Shall they advance or retreat?

But the curé has made up his mind what to do. With a second's further thought, up goes he stock to his shoulder once more, and "crash" follows the remaining

barrel, not this time aimed at any particular wolf, but fired straight into the very midst of the pack.

This last shot, discharged just at the proper moment—just as their pursuers were wavering—has decided the fate of the occupants of the sledge.

The "peppered" wolves (the shot has scattered and told on three or four of them) turn tail and slink back with their companions into the wood. The sledge glides noiselessly once more into the open fields.

Father Christophe and Barnabé are safe.

The victory lies with them, and a feeling of thankfulness fills both; but the mode of its expression differs widely in the two individuals. If before their deliverance Barnabé had spoken terrifiedly, and Father Christophe had then, on the contrary, more than once smiled re-assuringly, now that the danger is past the lad bursts into a peal of laughter; but the priest exclaims, with all his soul in the words:

"Let as thank Him who has protected us." Then he relapsed into silence.

On they drove, slower than before, however; there was no need to hurry, for they were within little more than two miles of home.

But was all danger past, even yet?

They had driven on in silence for some minutes, when suddenly the curé leant forward and peered into the advancing gloom.

"What is that object over yonder, Barnabé?" he asked. "Is it the stump of a tree?—a man?—or a woman? Your eyes are better than mine—tell me what it is."

Barnabé, fearing it might be another wolf, strained his eyes in the direction indicated.

After a few seconds, he answered:

"It is a woman, mon père."

"A woman! What is she doing out at this time of evening?"

"Gathering sticks. See, she stoops now and again to pick one up."

"She must not be suffered to remain here. I will tell her so."

In a moment or two they found themselves in closer proximity to the figure. It was a tall, gaunt woman they saw, with white hair, coal-black eyes and skinny arms, and she was talking—muttering to herself.

Almost in a breath Barnabé and the curé exclaimed:

"Why, it's Gudule Corvec!"

Now, Gudule Corvec—it is well the reader should understand—was the bête noir of the worthy priest of Golange.

His resentful feelings came about thus:

The wave of Freethought, plus anarchical doctrines and "advanced" opinions generally, had, even in those days, penetrated as far as the quiet valley of the Garonne. In Gudule's case, these had been fed by cheap pamphlets, sent to her from time to time by a demagogue son in Paris, and they found congenial soil in the breast of one in whom penury had already propagated the belief that whatever was was wrong. The Church was wrong in her teaching, the State in its laws. She would have found it difficult to explain exactly in what particulars each was faulty; but that both the one and the other was beyond remedy admitted of no doubt in her mind. In conformity with these views, it was her custom of a Sunday afternoon to harangue an already-increasing body of disciples on the village green. Father Vandon could hear the harsh, grating, vibrating tones of the woman's voice as he sat in his little study after mass; and as he listened to her coarse jests and scurrilous onslaughts, he would cross himself and pray for her reformation. Once or twice he had remonstrated, argued with her, without avail. If things went on like this, he would be forced to lay the matter before the proper authorities—a course which he shrank from taking—when she would be arrested for seditious, blasphemous language, and cast into prison.

And it was this woman whom the curé and Barnabé spied gathering firewood for her miserable hearth.

"Barnabé," Father Christophe repeated, "she must not be suffered to remain here."

"Eh, pourquoi non, mon père?"

"The wolves are still less than half a a league off."

"Eh bien? If they find her the village would be rid of a pest," replied the lad, who, besides being a firm adherent of the curé, now that he found himself safe, was not disposed to run into any fresh danger; still less on account of Gudule Corvec.

"Barnabé," answered the priest decisively, "I forbid such talk. How dare you utter such words? Draw up the sledge by the side of Gudule."

The tone in which Father Christophe spoke made the lad understand that resistance was useless. Without further word,

yet not as though his soul were in his task, Barnabé drove slowly on till they were within a few yards only of the woman.

Gudule heard the sledge bells before the vehicle came up with her, and raised herself from her stooping position, her figure standing out grim and spectre-like against the horizon line, one hand holding up a coarse apron filled with sticks, the other tightly clenched at sight of the priest.

"So it's you," she cried, in a tone of easy familiarity, before Vandon was able to utter a word—"driving through the country like a prince while your parishioners starve. Truly is it said of priests that ——"

"Gudule," replied Father Christophe gently, "attend to me. You are in danger where you now stand."

"In danger? Of what?"

"Of wolves. They are scouring the neighbourhood."

"Wolves! Whoever heard of wolves in these parts?"

"Believe it or not as you please, but when I tell you we have seen them ——"

"A likely story! Why, if there were wolves, you would hail them with joy—now you are safe—for would they not rid you of me? Human nature is but human nature." And the old crone laughed discordantly.

Without heeding the brutality of her remark, the priest went on:

"It is to rescue you from these common enemies that I speak. Come, get into this sledge, and you are safe—remain and the wolves will be upon you."

"A trick—a trap, I tell you!" Gudule cried, snapping her fingers in the direction of the curé, to Barnabé's scandalised amazement; "a trick to carry me before the commissaire."

With that the woman turned on her heel and was about to walk away, when a gesture from Vandon stopped her.

"Gudule," he said, very earnestly, "this is no trick. I am wishful to save your life. I swear to you on the blessed crucifix that I have seen wolves and in that wood, and that Barnabé and I have been pursued by them."

The curé's words and manner left no room for doubt in Gudule's mind.

"What would you have me do?" she asked, but with no note of gratitude in her voice.

"I will alight, and you shall get into the sledge between Barnabé and me."

So saying, Father Vandon stepped on to the frosted snow, and, with the elegance of a Bourbon marquis, conducted the old woman by the hand back to the side of the sledge. "I regret, though, that there will be no room for your carefully-gathered bundle of sticks," he added politely, as he was leading her. Accordingly Gudule let go a corner of her apron, and the firewood fell to the ground.

The couple were now close by the sledge, when something altogether unexpected happened.

Gudule was about to place her foot on the step, indeed was already leaning forward in the act—when suddenly in the distance was heard the "yap, yap" that meant so much.

At the first sound of warning Tullie, the mare, threw up her head and shook her bells; then showed the white, startled corners of her eyes, and began to tremble.

"Quick, quick, Gudule!" cried the curé anxiously; "do you hear them? Lose no time—get into the sledge."

But Gudule was old and her joints were stiff. The priest did his best to assist her; but it was no easy matter to gain firm foothold even for one of less burden of years than hers; for the mare had begun to shift her feet nervously and curvette from side to side.

Just then, as Gudule with great difficulty had succeeded in catching hold of the side of the sledge, and was about, with the priest's aid, to raise herself into the vehicle, just then another distant yelp, but sounding a little nearer than the last, broke through the night. With a half neigh, half cry of terror, the mare reared up, brought her feet down again sharply to the ground swerved to one side as though she already saw the wolves close beside her, then, with a sudden spring forward, put her head to the ground and tore madly homewards.

The priest and Gudule were left standing on the snow alone.

In a moment the evil look which had lately been quelled by the evident sincerity of the curé returned to the woman.

"I knew it, I knew it!" she cried—unreasoningly, malignantly. "'Twas a stratagem from the first. To clear the world of me, you yourself are willing to face death, and so have drawn me into an ambuscade."

It needed a hard struggle on Vandon's part to restrain an outburst of indignation.

But he conquered himself, and said not a word. And even she, as she looked at him, for she was not inherently vicious—misery it was that had warped her nature—felt awed at the pain she saw on his face.

A pause. At last he said:

"We must try to light a fire with your sticks. That may keep them at bay for a little. Help may come before it is burnt out. There is no time to lose."

The evening had already deepened into night, through which a blurred moon struggled to show her face. Scarcely had Vandon and Corvec completed their preparations when once again the "yapping" made itself heard. This time seemingly not more than half a mile away.

"They are coming, Gudule," said the curé in a low voice; "that cry was nearer than the last."

"Is there no hope?"

"While the fire lasts—yes."

"And after that?"

The priest turned away his head.

* * *

The wolves have gathered round the fire of sticks Vandon and Gudule have with infinite exertion kindled.

Ceaselessly the row of fiery, emerald eyes rest on the man and the woman. Now and again glistening white teeth show themselves, and cruel lips up-wrinkle venomously, longingly.

The fire is burning low, lower; and with its flames as they lessen, so does hope expire in Vandon's breast.

"Gudule," once more the priest whispers, in gentle, fervent tones, "do you fear to die?"

"I am not fit to die!"

"Do you repent, Gudule?"

"Oui, mon père!"

"Then fear nothing. His wing will shelter you through the Valley of Death. Death is not dreadful; 'tis but release. One pang, then—rest. Give me your hand. See, I am not trembling."

But his grand courage is useless to subdue her physical fear. Abjectly terrified, with chattering teeth and quaking limbs, she crouches close to her companion. With one bony hand she tries to shut out the sight of the wolves, with the other she clings to him for protection. The old priest passes his arm round her, and waits.

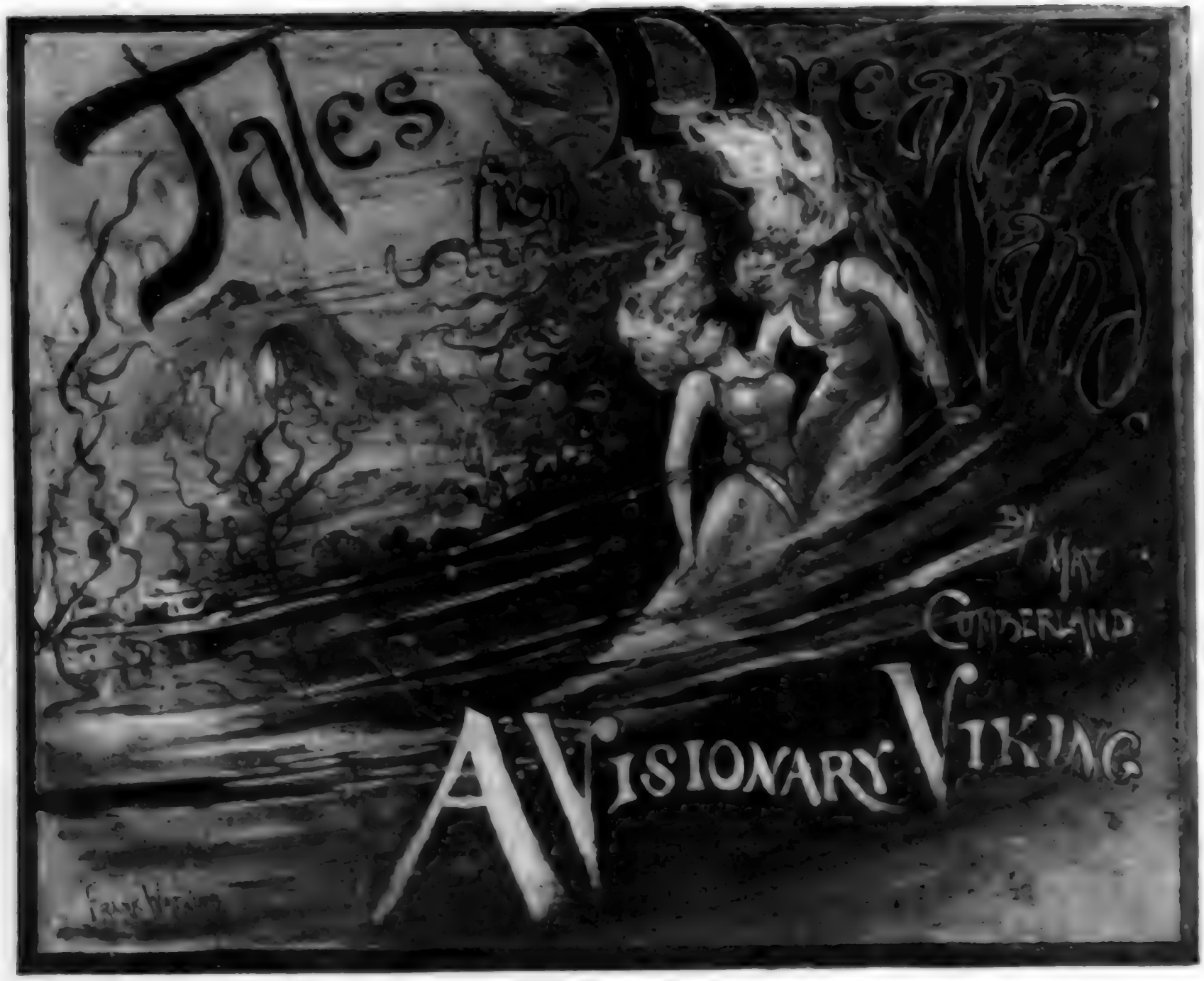
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The nearest wolf approaches timidly. He is still half fearful of the dying embers. Father Christophe steadily fixes his eyes upon him. For an instant the creature pauses. But only for an instant. The next ——

* * *

A supreme act of self-sacrifice has been accomplished!

That night the Celestial Choir is richer by two souls.



"THOU art more foolhardy than ever, Edric. Art not content with Saxehild, that thou must needs run after a mist woman?"

"Mist woman! Who talks of mist women?" and the ruddy face of Edric flushed with ready anger. "What fool has poured out his tongue into thy open ears?" and the speaker kicked at the glowing logs, scowling angrily.

"Ha! so it touches home; and the fond lover must needs seek a new and more mysterious betrothed."

Edric leapt to his feet, and gazed at the recumbent figure with wrathful eyes.

"What mean ye? with your talk of mist women and my Saxehild; out with it, or by all I hold most sacred I will——" and his hand clapped the axe at his side.

"Softly, softly, lad," and the huge Earl rose and shook himself like a polar bear. "I but joked at thee, Edric; but listen, lad," and the mighty hand of Friedmund was pressed on the youth's shoulder:

"This Viking's ship which haunts our coasts, and which you sail with others to-night to encounter, is best approached with caution and fear. They are all foolish lads who go; and thou, the most foolish of all, with thy Saxehild left behind. Hast heard the stories told of this Viking's ship? Thy blood would run thick in thy veins wert thou to hear them all. 'Tis no true Viking's ship, they say, but a false phantom, leading others to destruction; and, lad"—the speaker's voice sank to a whisper—"'tis no Viking that walks its deck; 'tis a false, vile mist woman, and such as thou are ever welcome to her vessel. Beware, lad, or, better still, stay with Saxehild."

"And be called white-livered for my pains—never!" and a fiery glow burnt in the eyes of Edric. "To the winds with your old women's tales of false fiends and witchwomen; 'tis a true Viking we sail against this night, and a vessel of good, honest wood—no phantom boards," and shaking the detaining hand of the Earl from off his shoulder, Edric stalked from the room.

As his footsteps died away, the door swung softly back, and into the huge hall there stole a quiet figure. Hastily glancing around for someone who was absent, the new comer moved quickly towards



HE WILL COME BACK SAFELY.

the only occupant, and throwing herself—for it was a woman—before the blazing logs, she rested her face, its chin in her little hands, upon the knee of Friedmund, and gazing earnestly up into his face, said hoarsely, "Where is he? Tell me, my uncle, has he already gone?"

"No, no, sweet one, he will wish thee good-night before he sail," and the horny hand stroked back the girl's golden locks

"Cannot you stop him, Friedmund? Cannot the others sail without him?"

"No, no; the lad is but young and fiery, and he will come back safely, Saxehild, never fear." But the girl shook her head sorrowfully, and started to her feet as there came a sound on the threshold.

It was Edric who entered, the night wind fresh on his cheeks, his hair blown back and wet with salt spray. Heedless of Friedmund's presence, he clasped Saxehild to his arms, and as he kissed her passionately said:

"Good-night, little one; look not so sorrowful; heed not the old women's tales of thine uncle; 'tis no mist woman I go after; the only woman for me I hold to my heart," and again kissing her, he bade her farewell.

Scarcely had he left the dining-hall ere Saxehild, throwing around her a soft grey mantle, stole quietly out into the night, and, making rapidly towards the sea-shore, watched with eager, untiring eyes the departure of the vessel that contained her love.

Months passed away, and though the three ships that had sailed in pursuit of the mysterious Viking had calculated to return within fourteen days, yet no sight or news of any of them had reached the watchers at home.

All were anxious and down-hearted at the probable fate of the brave lads, but none like Saxehild. Each day beheld her whiter and more fragile. "Saxehild the lily" they called her now, "For see," they said, "she pines for the truant Edric." In the heart of the girl there was one only thought: "He has gone with the mist woman; he will never return."



IT WAS EDRIC WHO ENTERED.

Night after night, while others slept, she rose from her bed and, wrapping her mantle around her, crept again to the sea-shore, and sat, quiet and motionless, watching the mist gather and disperse over the ocean that concealed her love.

The first time she had sat thus, thinking only of Edric, out of the waves there had suddenly appeared a shining light, scarcely larger than a tiny cloud, that flashed to and fro over the moving waters. Eagerly she had watched for it, knowing no fear, but all to no purpose; with the morning's light it had vanished; and although each night it came again, nothing further happened, and at last she deemed it some action of wind or wave, and looked no longer at it with wondering eyes.

At last one night, when leaving all at the castle sleeping, she stole as usual to the shore, the cloud-like vision appeared again, but this time it moved in swift leaps, resting for a moment on the crest of each incoming wave, rapidly towards her.

Motionless she awaited its approach; nearer and nearer it came, still cloud-like, fiery and mysterious. At last, resting on the silvery sand, the cloud gradually took shape, the fire left it, and with horror-stricken eyes she beheld, lying silent on the foam, gently swaying as the waters rose and fell, the body of her lover—death-like, silent and still.

"Edric," she cried, and dashing into the foam seized the body in her arms.

It was no earthly form she clasped; it faded at her touch, and, with a wild shriek of dismay, she rushed from the shore; not before a loud, ringing laugh had filled her ears, thrilling her through and through. What did it mean? whose was that terrible mocking cry? Was Edric in danger—or *dead?* Then before her rose the thought of the Viking ship and its lost pursuers, and the tale of the mist woman, in whose cruel clutches Edric was said to be, and her heart sank.

Then, again, in her veins rose the fiery Norse blood, and she rose towering in her fury and cried:

"It is Edric I seek; Edric who calls: he shall be found."

She stayed no longer, but with swift feet regained the castle hall; awaiting there the awakening of its inmates, she sought an audience with Drello, the old minstrel, whose fame in magic was known and feared far and wide.

Throwing herself on her knees before him, she related to him the doings of the night.

He listened patiently, and slowly nodding his head, said:

"Saxehild, your lover's fate rests with you. Watch longer again the incoming tide, and again acquaint me with the vision you behold."

She promised readily to comply with his wish, and tremblingly awaited the fall of night.

At the rising of the moon she was at her watching place; but the fiery cloud came not, and as the night faded and morning broke, she drew her dew-wet mantle tightly around her and turned to leave the shore.



AT THE RISING OF THE MOON.

Suddenly the whole sky became overcast, the air was filled with clouds, the wind howled with fury as it swept around the white cliffs, thunder filled the air, and, with each terrible crash, flashes of dazzling lightning shot across the sea. White with fear, Saxehild paused—fascinated, she knew not why. Gazing steadily out to sea, her eyes fixed on space, she stood motionless.

There burst upon her ears one peal of thunder, more terrible and prolonged than any that had

gone before, and as the last roll died away —right out to sea, on the distant horizon, she beheld, with startled eyes, the phantom ship—the ship of the Viking, the entrapper of Edric, her love—lit up by flash after flash of lightning that played around it, and seemed to lick its sails with hungry tongues of fire.

Then again came that loud, cruel laugh, and before Saxehild could prepare for flight, a white mist rose on every side, a mist that no sea ever gave forth, two firm, entwining arms were thrown around her, and she was drawn away from castle and shore to the deck of the Viking's ship. The snake-like arms loosened their hold, the hot breath that had fanned her cheeks died away, and Saxehild, opening her eyes, confronted no Viking, wet with salt spray and ruddy with the ocean's tan, but a figure wrapped in garments as the sea foam, with hair that shone like the glistening sea-weed and with a face perfect in its beauty, but nevertheless terrible to look upon. In a moment she realised the truth—she was in the power of a mist woman, and the story of the Viking was false; she, the lovely siren, had stolen Edric's love and now had her rival in her power.

The girl looked eagerly around; help there was none; the whole deck was deserted; before her stood the woman, glorious in her fearful triumph; around her, the deck spread away into transparency, all was unreal, deathlike, and silent as the grave.

With quivering lips, Saxehild framed her question.

"Who art thou? Why am I here?"

With upraised, pointing finger the woman, wrapped in her sea-foam mantle, uttered a low laugh.

"Thou art in my power, fair one, never to depart. Would'st see thy true love, Edric? thy true love!" She gave a sardonic chuckle. "Ha! the beauty of the mist woman has quenched his love for the pale lily."

"Where is he?—and his companions?" How her lips trembled as she spoke.

"His companions?—dead—drowned—sleeping beneath the waves—the sport of the maidens of the deep."

"But he, Edric?"

"Come—behold how soon thou art forgotten."

The woman sprang forward; Saxehild shrank away to avoid her grasp, but



THE WOMAN OF THE MIST.

escape she could not: again those clinging arms surrounded her, the hot breath fanned her cheeks, the cold, clammy garments wrapped her in their icy folds, the boards of the ship faded beneath her feet, the chill waves struck her breast, the foam covered her, and, held tight and fast in the grasp of the mist woman, she sank in the cruel waves.

At length they paused, the silvery sand at their feet, gorgeous flowers of the deep around them, strange creatures flashing to and fro.

"Listen!" said the woman as she loosened her grasp.

Then through the rushing waters came a sound that pierced the heart of Saxehild like a dart; a cry came faintly to her ears:

"Nida, come!" it cried; "Nida!"

"Edric!" Her shrill shriek rent the waves, and dashing forward with stumbling feet, she fell prostrate beside her love.

How beautiful he looked to the eyes of the maiden who had waited so long for him; but yet, how changed. The ruddy cheeks were white and thin, and looked

hardly less transparent than the salt waves that lapped them; the beautiful curling hair floated out on the waters like a golden mist; he lay languid and prostrate—he, the boldest in the chase, the first in the field.

It was terrible to meet him thus, more awful, even, than to see him in the arms of Nida, the mist woman.

"This is your foul work," she cried, turning with fury upon her captor, who now knelt beside Edric, holding his tired head on her bosom; "*this* is the result of your love: your breath is poison, your embraces death. My poor, poor love! Edric," she shrieked, as she stretched forth her hand, "speak to me."

His half-shut eyes turned on the speaker, but there was no light of recognition in them, and they closed again wearily. The heart of Saxehild was torn within her, and thrusting aside the arms of the mist woman, she wound her own around his form.

"See, he is dying," she cried, as his head slowly drooped forward.

"If he be indeed going to everlasting sleep, I have done with him. Leave his bones to the fishes; I must find fresh Norsemen, and more passionate lovers than such as he—weakling," and the woman spurned him with her foot.

A motion on the waves, a glisten of grey-green foam, a vision of a cloud of ruddy hair on the waters, and the figure of the mist woman had vanished, unheeded by the heart-wrung Saxehild, who still knelt beside her love, watching, with terrified eyes, his faltering breath.

"Where is Saxehild?"

It was Friedmund who spoke.

"If she is not with her bower-maidens, she still watches the sea-shore for Edric," and the speaker turned away.

All that day she came not; till at even, growing anxious, Friedmund, accompanied by his house-carles, approached the shore.

At first nothing met their eyes, except sea and sky stretching away into oblivion.

The tide rolled slowly in as they stood watching, and deposited at their feet a precious burden.

"A woman!" they cried; "it is Saxehild. Look what she holds in her arms."

Eagerly they crowded around the prostrate figure, lying with one arm outflung at their feet; the other clasped another silent form—a white, transparent thing, unearthly, horrible to behold.

"Edric!" they said in terrified whispers; "she has found him." Then, lifting the two still, weed-covered figures silently in their arms, they carried them away, still locked together, free for ever from the clutches of the mist woman.

Thus Saxehild found her love, and brought back the only relic from the pursuers of the Visionary Viking.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

The Evolution of Fashion.
The Dress.
Part II.

DURING the Wars of the Roses both trade and costume made little progress, and after the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster by the marriage of Henry VII. with his Queen, Elizabeth, their attention was chiefly concerned in filling their impoverished coffers, which left them little opportunity for promoting new fashions in dress. Henry VIII. afforded ample facilities for the revival of trade in this direction, and there is little difficulty in tracing female costume of the sixteenth century when we remember that in the course of thirty-eight years he married six wives, besides having them painted times without number by all the popular artists of the day.

J. R. Planché in his "History of British Costume" says: "The gowns of the nobility were magnificent, and at this period were open in front to the waist, showing the kirtle, or inner garment, as what we should call the petticoat was then termed." Anne of Cleves, who found so little favour in Henry's eyes, is said to have worn at their first interview "a rich gowne of cloth of gold made round, without any train, after the Dutch fashion;" and in a wardrobe account of the eighth year of this Bluebeard's reign appears the following item: "Seven yards of purple cloth of damask gold for a kirtle for Queen Catherine of Arragon." The dress of Catherine Parr is thus described by Pedro de Gante, secretary to the Spanish Duke de Najera, who visited Henry VIII. in 1543–1544: "She was robed in cloth of gold, with a 'saya' (petticoat) of brocade, the sleeves lined with crimson satin and trimmed with three-piled crimson velvet. Her train was more than two yards long." Articles of dress were often bequeathed by will. In one made on the 14th of August, 1540, William Cherington, yeoman, of Waterbeche leaves "To my mother *my holyday gowne*." Nicholas, Dyer of Feversham, 29th October, 1540, "To my sister, Alice Bichendyke, thirteen shillings and ninepence *which she owed me*, two kerchiefs of holland," etc. John Holder, rector of Gamlingay, in 1544 leaves to Jane Greene "my clothe frock lined with satin cypress." These entries are from wills in the Ely Registry.



FEMALE COSTUME OF THE 16TH CENTURY. FROM PORTRAIT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

A peculiar feature in the costume of both sexes was sleeves distinct from the gown, but attached (so as to be changed at pleasure) to the waistcoat. Among the inventories we find three pairs of purple satin sleeves for women, one pair of linen sleeves paned with gold over the arm, quilted with black silk and wrought with flowers; one pair of sleeves of purple gold tissue damask wire, each one tied with aglets of gold; one pair of crimson satin sleeves, four buttons of gold being set on each, and in every button nine pearls.

We are all familiar with the distended skirts,

jewelled stomachers and enormous ruffs which adorned the virgin form of Good Queen Bess. In the middle of her reign the body was imprisoned in whalebone, and the fardingale, the prototype of the modern hoop, was introduced, as it was not to be supposed that a lady who is said to have left three thousand dresses in her wardrobe would remain faithful to the fashions of her grandmother; and Elizabeth's love of dress permeated all classes of society.

The portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, who was considered an authority on matters of the toilet and whose taste for elegance of apparel had been cultivated to a high degree during her residence at the French Court, is given There is a subtlety and charm about it which is wanting in the costume of her cousin Elizabeth, and it may be considered a fair type of what was worn by a gentlewoman of that period. The full skirt appears to fall in easy folds, and the basqued bodice, with tight sleeves, is closely moulded to the figure and surmounted by an elaborately-constructed ruff of muslin and lace.

To the great regret of antiquarians, the wardrobes of our ancient kings, formerly kept at the Tower, were by the order of James I. distributed. At no period was the costume of Britain more picturesque than in the middle of the seventeenth century, and we naturally turn to its great delineators Velasquez, Van Dyck, Rembrandt and Rubens, who delighted in giving us such fine examples of their work. Women had grown tired of the unwieldy fardingale, and changed it for graceful gowns with flowing skirts and low bodices, finished with deep vandyked collars of lace or embroidery.

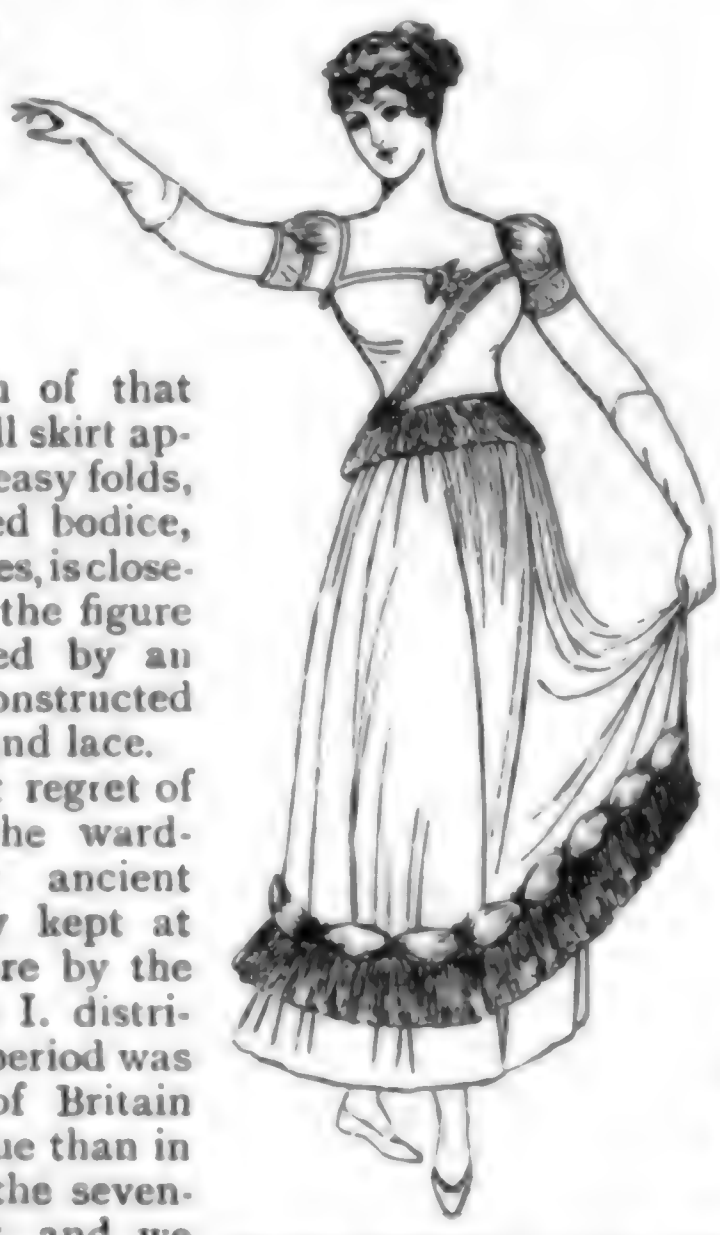


THE 17TH CENTURY

A studied negligence, an elegant déshabille prevailed in the Stuart Court, particularly after the Restoration. Charles II.'s bevy of beauties are similarly attired, and the pictures in Hampton Court show us women whose snowy necks and arms are no longer veiled, and whose gowns of rich satin, with voluminous trains, are piled up in the background. Engravings and drawings which may be seen in every printseller's window make special illustrations of this period unnecessary.

Dutch fashions appear to have followed in the wake of William and Mary. Stomachers and tight sleeves were once more in favour, and fabrics of a rich and substantial character were employed in preference to the softer makes of silk, which lent itself so well to the soft flowing lines of the previous era.

An intelligent writer has remarked "that Fashion from the time of George I. has been such a varying goddess that neither history,



THE 19TH CENTURY BALL DRESS, 1809.



THE 18TH CENTURY.



THE 19TH CENTURY.—TEA DRESS, 1830.

tradition, nor painting has been able to preserve all her mimic forms; like Proteus struggling in the arms of Telemachus, on the Phanaic coast, she passed from shape to shape with the rapidity of thought." In 1745 the hoop had increased at the sides and diminished in front, and a pamphlet was published in that year entitled "The enormous abomination of the hoop petticoat, as the fashion now is." Ten years later it is scarcely discernible in some figures, and in 1757 reappears, extending right and left, after the manner of the court dress of the reign of George III. For the abolition of this monstrosity we are indebted to George IV., and ladies' dresses then rushed to the other extreme. Steel and whalebone were dispensed with, and narrow draperies displayed the form they were supposed to conceal, and were girdled just below the shoulders.

These were in time followed by the bell-shaped skirts worn at the accession of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, during whose reign fashion has indeed run riot. The invention of the sewing machine was the signal for the appearance of frills, furbelows, and meretricious ornament of every kind. In the middle of the present century crinolines were again to the fore, skirts were proportionately wide and generally flounced to the top. The bodice terminated at the waist with a belt; but in some cases a Garibaldi, or loose bodice, of different texture was substituted. The next change to be noted was that hideous garment the "polonaise," which was a revival of, and constructed on similar lines to, the "super froc" of the Middle Ages. For many years English ladies, with a supreme disregard for the appropriate, wore this with a skirt belonging to an entirely different costume. But at last people got nauseated with these abominations, and under the gentle sway and influence of "Our Princess" a prettier, more useful and rational costume appeared. In 1876 the graceful Princess dress, which accentuated every good point in the figure, was generally worn; and though this costume in the latter part of its career was fiercely abused by the rotund matron and Mrs. Grundy, for clinging too closely to the lines of the human form, it was distinctly an advance as regards health and beauty on the varying styles which preceded it.

The æsthetic movement has also had a marked influence on our taste in all directions, but more especially in the costume of the last few years; and though the pic-



THE 19TH CENTURY—THE POLONAISE, 1878.

turesque garb of the worshippers of the sunflower and the lily may not be adapted to the wear and tear of this workaday world, it is beautiful in form and design, incapable of undue pressure; and for children and young girls it would be difficult to imagine a more charming, artistic and becoming costume.

Once more we are eschewing classical lines for bulging sleeves and skirts, which make caricatures of lovely women, and drive plain ones to despair. The subdued and delicate tints which a few seasons since were regarded with favour have been superseded by garish shades and brightest colours, which seem to quarrel with everything in Nature and Art. Unfortunately, we English are prone to extremes, and possess the imitative rather than the creative faculty. Consequently, our national costume is never distinctive, but a combination of some of the worst styles of our Continental neighbours, who would scorn to garb themselves with so little regard for fitness, beauty and the canons of good taste.

A Chat about Corners.

A marked feature of modern furnishing is the utilisation of corners, which in former times were allowed to remain untouched in all their uncompromising angularity. With the exception of the corner cupboard (that family shrine where our ancestors stored the best tea service and other fragile domestic treasures) and the ingle nook (of which a few examples still remain in quaint farmhouses situated in remote districts, and which is the prototype of the modern cosy corner), I do not recall any other particularly successful attempts of past generations in this direction.

And yet how corners lend themselves to all sorts of useful devices, if good taste, common sense and ingenuity are brought to bear, in conjunction with industrious fingers and a modicum of "the needful"! The corner adjustments with which we are all so familiar have gradually developed and grown out of the requirements of nineteenth-century civilisation, and are a living embodiment of that old adage which refers to supply and demand. Of course, we all, when our means allow it, prefer to have the best article attainable, without regard to cost; but, as the vast majority are not in this enviable position, I intend to describe two or three arrangements for economising space which do not require an excessive outlay of time or money, and yet form pretty and artistic additions to our household furnishings.

I think the simplest corner seat I have ever seen was the work of a young girl, who had furnished for herself a boudoir bedroom on the most economical principles, and which was, withal, a charming retreat, where she could retire from the bustle and interruptions of family life for the avowed purpose of study, but which, in nine cases



THE PRESENT DAY.—MORNING DRESS.

out of ten, resolved itself into those fascinating day-dreams and castles in the air which all of us have indulged in to a greater or less degree.

But to return to the cosy corner, which consisted of two tin travelling trunks of equal size, so placed that a front corner of each box met, the intervening space being filled by a small tea-table. Loose covers of reversible cretonne were made for the boxes, and these were sewn on to two pillows which exactly fitted the lids, while a couple more (square ones this time) were

covered to match and finished with dainty double frills. These rested on the seats and against the wall. Quite in the corner, and within three inches of the ceiling, was fixed a wooden bed-pole, three feet long, which projected into the room. A long curtain, double the height of the room and two yards wide, was folded and gathered across the centre for the pole to pass through, and sewn up the back; while the front edge and bottom were frilled in the same manner as the cushions. This pretty drapery formed a nice background to the seat, and was looped back on either side.

Another charming corner I noticed in the drawing-room of a lady artist who has won for herself, through her masterly portraits and subject pictures, a world-wide reputation. Between the window and fireplace the most comfortable of Chesterfield couches with Oriental coverings rested against two sheets of looking-glass about a yard in height, which were fitted into the angle of the wall. At the top of these was placed a small shelf for books and ornamental china; while close to the arm of the couch was a Moorish screen, with its wealth of lattice work and queer little openings in unexpected places. Near to the screen and opposite the fire was a triple seat which bore unmistakable signs that it was a veritable piece of Chippendale. This was covered with tawny velvet, and strewn with the softest of pillows. While sitting there one's eyes rested on the open fireplace with its glowing tiles and ruddy brass thrown into relief by the black oak overmantel, with its garnishing of delft and blue nankin. A very charming nook in which to spend an idle hour is shown in the cosy corner seat illustrated, and which our artist has so carefully drawn that it requires no explanation.



A COSY NOOK.

Another method of utilising an unconsidered corner is to fill it with a series of shelves for books, each one edged with perforated leather, and the top one finished with a handsome moulding. This latter forms a convenient resting-place for a striking piece of pottery, a bronze group or marble bust. The shelves, of course, should be graduated, the lower spaces being used for the larger volumes. A nicely embroidered or tapestry curtain, fastened to a rod by brass rings, is a pretty finish and a great protection to valuable books. Or the angle of the wall may be used for a couple of book-shelves only, beneath which can be placed a simple table supplied with useful writing materials.

Bedroom corners are available for concealed washing-stands and hanging wardrobes. A very convenient fitment of this kind is an arrangement of long and short cup-

boards, drawers and other receptacles for the unconsidered trifles of the toilet. A simpler arrangement can be made by any amateur carpenter in the following manner: A triangular piece of wood placed in the angle of the wall about seven feet six inches from the floor forms the top of the wardrobe. When finished with a straight piece of moulding and a brass rod for rings, to which is attached a curtain of serge or cretonne, it presents quite a presentable appearance from the outside, though, of course, the interior must be properly fitted. Two feet below the top shelf place a second; this forms a useful receptacle for bonnet boxes, etc.; and twelve inches from the floor a third shelf, beneath which there is sufficient space for boots and shoes. This lower opening should have a slat of wood two inches in depth, glued to the floor so as to prevent dust blowing in; while the larger space is fitted with hooks for hanging dresses, mantles, etc. Only those who have suffered from the want of a wardrobe can understand how much this simple contrivance adds to one's comfort. The exterior view of the washing-stand resembles the wardrobe, as the curtain conceals the toilet appliances. The top shelf, as before, is seven feet six inches from the floor; the second, for the ware, three; and the third twenty-four inches, which allows the jug to be placed beneath when not in use. The shelves should be lined with American cloth or linoleum, and in the top division a little corner bracket should be fixed for bottle and glass.

Then there are those horrid kitchen corners, the *bête noire* of every properly constituted housewife (against which she is continually waging warfare and where, notwithstanding all her efforts, mice and rats run riot and blackbeetles hold their solemn courts undisturbed), not to mention Mary Jane's own particular corner dedicated to broken bottles, rotting rags and decaying vegetables, emitting a villainous odour to the world at large, but which her own olfactory nerves have become accustomed to. The dust-laden lumber-room corners, where the sacred treasures of past generations are gradually fading into nothingness, like their owners; and the carefully-tended corners of the churchyard, shaded by cypress, yew and willow, where our beloved dead are taking their eternal rest. But, perhaps, the most cherished corner of all is that rose-embowered nook in the garden, symbolical of youth, hope and love; and fragrant with the scent of flowers which are not sweeter than the happy memories they recall of the days of yore.*

At Home and Abroad.

Once more the children of the Salon, with the aid of their presiding genius, Levana, have held another most successful bazaar, "At Home," and fancy dress ball, for the purpose of acquiring funds for the endowment of a second Cot in the North West London Hospital, Kentish Town. By the gracious permission of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the first Cot was dedicated to the memory, and named after their beloved son the late Duke of Clarence. The cost of the endowment was £500, and encouraged by their success, the children once more set themselves the task of procuring this amount, Mr. Herron having promised to place the same sum in the hands of the hospital authorities as that collected by members of the Salon. In connection with the bazaar, at the Westminster Town Hall (which was opened by H.R.H. Princess Christian, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein), there was an excellent entertainment given by those who had won prizes in a series of competitions for skirt dancing, the pianoforte and violin, recitation, singing, etc. Drawings and work done by Members, Graduates, and Associates of the Salon were on sale, and were of such a superior character that they found ready purchasers. Too high praise cannot be given to this excellent organisation, which has over three thousand members in different parts of the world; and its moral value on the dispositions of those who are encouraged to work in so practical a manner for those less fortunately placed than themselves it is impossible to estimate. Levana (Mrs. Jack Johnson) is regarded by her youthful train with a loving reverence not unmixed with awe, and she may indeed be proud of the good work already done under her auspices, and in which there is every prospect of further development in the future.

* For the drawing of a Cosy Nook I am indebted to Mr. E. Knight, of the firm of Cooper and Holt, upholsterers and decorators, 48, Bunhill Row, London, E.C., who has courteously allowed me to reproduce it from his interesting work entitled "Taste and Economy in Decoration and Furniture."

To the editors of the *Gentlewoman* thanks are also due for the kindly interest they have taken in this society, and for the pecuniary assistance and valuable space they have placed at the disposal of Levana for the furtherance of her labour of love.

* * *

Last month, dear readers, we had a chat together about the "Rest Cure," and now I want to tell you how severe cases of nerves, mental and physical strains, extreme debility, and many other ills that feminine flesh is heir to, have been successfully treated by Dr. Muriel Maitland King, who has devoted many years of her life to the study of a system for alleviating our woes by perfectly natural means rather than by the aid of drugs. I think it is her sex which at once inspires confidence. For when we are ill we women crave the loving sympathy and attention which only a woman can give. But in addition to this accident of birth Mrs. Maitland King is the best proof of her own wisdom, for she stands before one a thoroughly healthy, perfectly developed, specimen of humanity, with clear complexion, a neat figure, and free from that superabundance of adipose tissue which makes the lives of so many middle-aged ladies a burden to them, and is in more senses than one a weariness of the flesh. This talented lady, notwithstanding the increasing demands of her practice, larger than ever since she received the honour of royal patronage, and was summoned to Windsor to treat H.R.H. Princess Christian for severe attacks of neuralgia, finds time to give most interesting lectures on various phases of nervous exhaustion, insomnia, enbonpoint, and other subjects interesting to women.



DR. MURIEL MAITLAND KING.

At the doctor's residence, 31, Grosvenor Street, W., the most luxurious arrangements are made both for resident patients and for those who only require to undergo a course of treatment, which includes medical advice, massage, vapour and hot-water baths charged with electricity, etc. etc. The fees, of course, vary according to the requirements of each patient; but those who are suffering, and wish to put themselves under the care of Dr. Maitland King, should write to her, plainly stating their case, when I am sure they will receive every attention, and at once ascertain what liabilities they are likely to incur. During August and September the treatment is given to many suffering women whose means will not permit them to pay the ordinary fees, and many busy workers in the world's hive have availed themselves of this privilege, which cannot be too widely known, as Dr. Maitland King makes a point of never sending away anyone who needs her advice, though, of course, the majority of her patients belong to the upper and middle classes. At a recent visit I was particularly struck by the dainty cleanliness, quietness and comfort of the bath and dressing-rooms, which are perfectly ventilated, and furnished in the most approved modern fashion, while the attendants have been specially trained for their work, under Dr. Maitland King's own supervision.

* * *

I think we have hardly yet real-



COAT FOR A SMALL CHILD.

ised, at the end of the nineteenth century, to how many useful purposes the force of electricity can be applied. I have already explained some of its medicinal properties; and in the household, where it can be used for processes of cooking and for propelling labour-saving machinery, it has a wide field before it. The present cost of electricity, as compared to gas, is twenty-five per cent. more; but, then, how much cleaner and healthier our houses will be when it comes into general use. Just as, some years ago, the various gas companies, to encourage the use of gas for cooking as well as for lighting purposes, let out at a nominal rental, ovens, hob grills and similar appliances, so now are the various companies who supply the Metropolis with electricity prepared to lease out the apparatus for cooking by the new method, a departure which will doubtless receive prompt recognition from the public.

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Never was more attention paid to children's clothing than at the present day, and I think we should always be grateful to that enterprising firm of Messrs. Liberty and Co., Regent Street, London, who may be considered the pioneers of the æsthetic dress movement. To walk through their extensive show-rooms is a liberal education in itself. The lovely fabrics from home and foreign looms are expressly designed and woven for them alone, and they seem to possess the happy faculty of extracting from each period and phase of costume development its own individual artistic lesson, and you never find them blindly following the vagaries of ugly and eccentric fashions. Another excellent feature of this house, and one which will appeal to country customers, is that they will carry out any suggested modification of the designs sent to their clients, and are prepared, if necessary, to forward special sketches on application. What, however, could be prettier for a boy of three or four years than this quaint little coat of cloth serge or velveteen lined with sateen?



A CHILD'S DRESS.

* * *

A charming dress for a little girl, recall-



A YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS.



GOWN FOR A GARDEN PARTY.

ing the style of Charles I., made in an effective combination of velveteen and soft silk, also attracted my attention, and affords an excellent model for our readers. The bodice revers and hem of the skirt are studded with coloured jet, and three tiny rosettes of silk appear at the neck, bust, and waist.

* * *

For an elder sister I would recommend a soft Liberty cashmere delicately embroidered at the neck, shoulders, waist, and hem of the skirt with silk of a somewhat darker shade than that of the material. This pretty dress is further relieved by a drawn vest and puffed sleeves of plain or printed silk, and is equally effective for day or evening wear according to the fabrics and colours chosen.

* * *

For summer garden parties, horticultural fetes, and the thousand and one entertainments which crowd upon each other during the London season a most bewitching costume called the "Jasmin" has been designed. This dress was suggested by a picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and is admirably adapted to display the charms of a blushing maiden just verging into womanhood. It is composed of figured muslin made over a plain silk foundation, and has a soft silk sash and fichu. The straw hat is prettily trimmed with lace, feathers, and La France roses; three of these lovely flowers peep out below the brim.



A NEW VISITING COSTUME.

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The last sketch shows a handsome visiting dress of Robin Hood green poplin. The front of the bodice is of velvet, the revers covered with rich cream silk guipure. With this is worn a full vest of cream silk. A bias band of velvet edges the gored skirt and touches of lace appear at the waistband and on the cuffs. The hat has a wavy-brim of velvet and coronet of the same. The crown is of guipure, and three green feathers are placed on the left side.



NOTIONS FROM AN EASY CHAIR.

By John A. Steuart.

IF I were to be born again (in the physical, not the spiritual sense) and were granted my choice of position I should, probably, elect to reign over one of the countries of Europe. If a throne were not open to me, then I should choose a dukedom; if no ducal vacancy were available, an earldom might suffice. But failing these, I would select Heaven's choicest gift, the gift of song. I don't mean the common gift of writing minor poetry in the elegiac, or the puerile, or the sentimental strain. There are already poetasters enough and to spare to supply the dolorous article. Mr. H. D. Traill counted three score and six of them in our own little island and gave up the computation in despair. I do not even mean the rare power to follow afar off in the footsteps of Shakespeare or Milton, Burns or Byron. I mean simply a good voice. I should be a singer, a singer on the operatic stage if possible; if not there, then in the music hall, and at all events a singer. I am moved to this confidence with the reader by a paragraph which I recently read in one of the daily papers about Madame Patti. I fancy Madame Patti must be positively the happiest woman alive, the happiest mortal I had almost said. If she isn't, then happiness is not for men and women while they sojourn in what Doctor Watts has called this vale of tears. I am perfectly aware of what the minor bard would say about the exceeding, the surpassing felicity of living in a cottage with a sanded floor far away from the haunts of evil men, say in a pestilential swamp, or a remote glen with only moorcocks for neighbours. That felicity is denied Madame Patti. She does not live in a cottage; she lives in a castle, and so far the odds are against her. Nor when she travels does she choose the unsavoury third-class compartment, or the still more unsavoury steerage. And here, again, the odds are against her. But I repeat, she has several important things in her favour, greatly in her favour. She sings to packed houses in every quarter of the globe. Her success in Timbuctoo and Buluwayo is indeed problematic; but in all lands and cities in which the conventions of life are on what may be called a firm footing she beats the record of every public performer who has ever essayed to amuse or instruct the world, easily and gloriously. In the late Lord Macaulay's language, it is eclipse first and the rest nowhere. She has an ovation whenever or wherever she appears; gallant millionaires smother her with bouquets, managers fight for her, and her autograph (I am happy to say I possess one) is, probably, worth as much as that of any reigning queen in Europe, Asia,

Africa or America. That is a good deal to say in these days of crazy collectors and free advertisements.

But Madame Patti enjoys much more than that, very much more. She travels, for example, in a special car, which is opened with a gold key and contains a solid silver bath. Think of it ye, who, in spite of all your cottage joys, can scarcely get silver enough to buy your modest supply of bread and butter. A special railway carriage, a gold key and a bath of solid silver! Cleopatra dreamed of no such luxury, much as has been made of that barge of hers by the good Enobarbus and others. The ancients, indeed, knew nothing of luxury, and we ought to thank Heaven at the very least three times a day that we live in a luxurious and an enlightened age. Madame Patti, no doubt, does that. I have mentioned enough to make any ordinary mortal perfectly happy, but yet other things conduce to make life agreeable to her. It is said that while in America she receives one thousand pounds a night and all expenses, and that she will not sign an agreement for a tour of less than two hundred performances. Two hundred thousand pounds clear for a single tour! That amount seems to me to be fairly satisfactory, and she gets it all for singing a few songs. Did I not speak sense in saying I would choose a voice before all other gifts? We talk about the recompense of literature and the drama. Pray name me an author or dramatist who increases his bank account by two hundred thousand pounds in the course of a few months by the exercise of his art. I may be ignorant, but I have never heard of him. Scott made as much altogether, and was accounted a prodigy. But the effort killed him, whereas Madame Patti trills joyously all the while. Compared with singing, writing is a beggarly business. Madame Patti will make in a week as much as the most successful novelist can make in a year; and the novelist who earns six thousand pounds per annum does not reside in England. The dramatist makes rather a better show; but even he must hide his diminished head in presence of the popular singer. Therefore, if you have a voice, cultivate it; if you have not, beg, borrow or steal one, for nothing else in this world will bring you so much glory and so much lucre with so little expenditure of brain power.

* * *

The reference to literature and the drama reminds me of what took place at a pleasant gathering which I attended the other evening. It is the delectable custom of the Urban Club to honour Shakespeare by holding a sort of festival on his birthday. The festival takes the form of a dinner, and Shakespearian scholars and lovers congregate about the festive board to mark their appreciation of the prince—the king, I mean—of English poets. This year the dinner was more than usually successful, because the Committee succeeded in inducing a popular author to take the chair. Mr. Hall Caine is known to the ends of the earth as one of the strongest of living novelists. If any one of my readers should be so unfortunate as not to know "The Deemster," "The Bondman," and "The Scapegoat," I would, as I value good reading, urge him or her to lose no time in procuring them. And, having perused them, if he, or she, is not satisfied, I shall never recommend a book again, since all my ideas of what constitutes good literature must be hopelessly astray. A critic, in whose judgment I have the most implicit confidence, once declared, as publicly as printer and publisher could make the declaration, that there are scenes in Mr. Caine's books equal in power and imaginative effect to anything that either Scott or Hugo wrote. Think of what those giants produced, and the compliment to the younger man will gain in meaning and eloquence. The fact is, Mr. Hall Caine is among the most potent literary forces of the day, apt in construction, a master of character, and with a complete understanding of the art which Scott recommended to all who would essay fiction—the art of being interesting. The members of the Urban Club knew this, and turned out in unexampled numbers to hear his address on Shakespeare. That address was as novel and as ingenious as a novelist might be supposed to make it.

Mr. Caine asked the question: Was Shakespeare a novelist? and answered emphatically in the affirmative. Great as was the author of "The Tempest" as a dramatist, he was yet greater in the qualities that are thought to belong peculiarly to the novelist. This is a new view, and probably will not find a ready acceptance with everybody. But the author of "The Bondman" did not make his statement without considering his evidence. It may not be generally known that, like so many

successful novelists, he began his career with poetry and criticism. Everybody, indeed, begins with poetry, for, as has been remarked, the ability to rhyme, and even to write the blankest of blank verse is far from uncommon. The critics are comparatively few, the good ones extremely rare. Mr. Caine would to-day be one of our very best critics did he not happen to be one of our best novelists. But in his early days he studied Shakespeare, and wrote of him in the *Contemporary Review* and elsewhere. So that his speech to the members of the Urban Club was no haphazard affair, no gathering together of platitudes, no vamping up of the raw materials of criticism. He examined the plays, proving by numberless citations that the merits of the first-rate novelist were in a high and distinguishing way the merits of William Shakespeare. To this proposition, however, Mr. John Coleman took vigorous exception. In Mr. Coleman's opinion there is nothing whatever in the plays of Shakespeare to indicate that he could write novels as well as, let us say, Mr. Fergus Hume or Mr. E. F. Benson. That is a pretty theory for Shakespearians to ponder. Could the brain that planned "Lear" and "Hamlet," and developed them with so masterly a sense of character and situation, not produce matter interesting enough, or of sufficient intellectual calibre, for the cultured patrons of the circulating libraries? We can only guess; but it seems to me, as it seemed to Mr. Hall Caine, that if Shakespeare were alive to-day he would be entering the lists in friendly competition with Mr. Hardy, Mr. Blackmore, Miss Braddon and Miss Corelli. Would he succeed? Examine his plays and see. He appears to have a very pretty knack of mental and spiritual analysis, a keen sense and also a considerable gift of humour, invention, imagination, a power of characterisation that is likely to last while men like to study their fellows, some entertaining conceits, and a range of diction which, to say the least, is unusual. Do all these gifts and powers contribute to the success of the novelist? I may be singular, but I am of opinion they do. Why, then, did Shakespeare not write novels? Because, learned and gentle reader, novels were not in fashion in his day. Even a man of genius is the child of his age. Shakespeare's contemporaries called for plays at the Globe Theatre, and he satisfied the demand. This is the day of the novel. The theatre has lost its freedom, while the novel is getting freer and freer every day. Shakespeare, we may be sure, would in any era be in the fashion, and therefore to-day would employ his best powers to cater for the subscribers of Messrs. Mudie and Smith; and probably no one but Mr. John Coleman doubts that he would succeed.

* * *

It would be interesting to see him make a trial, for many reasons. For one thing, we should be able to read Mr. W. D. Howells's classic judgments on his fiction. Mr. Howells is one of the distinguished writers whose genius and achievements have gained them the privilege of being eccentric. His eccentricity takes the form of an intense dislike of everything British —British institutions, British customs, British art and, above all, British literature. He has lately been opening his mind to an interviewer, and has spoken with a delightful and refreshing disregard of the comity of nations. What does he care for the risk of war between England and the United States so long as he can enjoy himself in the delicate and artistic sport of throwing mud? He is particularly hard on our authors, probably because he knows they are defenceless. It has been known for many years that he holds Fielding and Scott in contempt, considers Thackeray absurd and Dickens a vulgar ranter. We shall never have the pleasure of learning what these writers might think of Mr. Howells. That is a pity, for the chances are that their opinions would be piquant. But there is no way of remedying the loss, and we must even content ourselves with listening to the Delphic utterances of Mr. Howells. His verdicts on the old English authors have lost the attraction of novelty; but it is deliciously novel and titillating to be told that Mr. Thomas Hardy is the only living English author who understands anything about the art of writing. Will the admirers of Mr. Blackmore, of Mr. Stevenson, of Mrs. Ward, of Mr. Conan Doyle tell me what they think of that? Complaint has been made on this side of the Atlantic that these writers pay too much attention to style, but, then, our critics have not the Attic taste or the splendid culture that Mr. Howells acquired in a country printing office on the prairie. "Lorna Doone," "The White Company," "The Master of

Ballantrae" may do very well for England, but they would be rejected with scorn by America. Yet, oddly enough, America was ready, until the law stepped in to prevent it, to steal our bad English books. Mr. Howells, being a man of genius and consequently above considering such matters, does not explain that trifling inconsistency. I invite him to give it his attention when next he discourses to his countrymen on the shocking fallacies and demerits of English authors.

* * *

In addition to the charge of ineptitude Mr. Howells brings another, which will strike many people as being singular—extremely singular. The second charge is that English novelists do not take themselves and their works seriously enough. The novelists of America, the novelists of the continent of Europe are grave; they are imbued with high ideals and a desire to regenerate the world. British writers of fiction are light-headed and frivolous. They produce romances and stories of adventure and love-tales, when they ought to be producing tragedies, and deftly imbedding sermons in their rolls of jam. M. Zola is a very sedate and reverend person; so is Tolstoi; and sedateness and a kind of theological austerity distinguish Mr. James, Miss Mary Wilkins and Mr. Howells himself. Far be it from me to deny that statement. But is it true that our novelists do not take themselves seriously? Be good enough to read "Robert Elsmere" and some others of our frivolous books, and say how the matter in your opinion stands. Is it not a fact that the English novel is more and more degenerating into a mere treatise on theology or economics, or politics, or sociology, or the eight hours question, or the question of sweated waitresses and overdriven bootblacks? A great and ever-present purpose, I submit, agitates and threatens to kill the English novel. But think what it would be were all the novelists in England to take Mr. Howells's advice and fancy themselves entrusted with missions. I shudder to think of the consequences—of the guileless men and women who, under the impression that they were reading a story, would be decoyed and deluded into struggling with harrowing problems about the transmigration of souls, the immortality of Polar bears or the philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer. One can only say "May Heaven avert such a calamity." As to Mr. Howells, he is entitled to his opinion; there is no law known to me that can deprive him of it. But we may be pardoned if we do not think that a strict compliance with his injunctions or a complete acceptance of his doctrines is essential to our salvation. And it might be hinted to him in the friendliest manner imaginable that, before he made so much noise about the mote in his brother's eye, he ought to have removed the beam from his own. Charity begins at home.

* * *

Personally, I have the strongest evidence that Mr. Howells is utterly wrong respecting the seriousness or want of seriousness in English writers of fiction. "Marcella" (Smith, Elder and Co.), Mrs. Ward's latest novel, of which I promised to say something this month, is an apt proof of the tremendous gravity of our latter-day fiction. It is a novel with a purpose—a purpose so strong, and so strenuously, even vehemently, enforced, that one fancies one is reading an abstruse work on social evils and their remedies, rather than a story. Assuredly it is not a story written for the story's sake. Mrs. Ward is not a born novelist. Her gifts, though striking, are not divine. The creative impulse is never discernible in her work; there are no flashes of genius, none of the fitful and random irradiations which atone for many mistakes, and glorify otherwise imperfect writing. Yet "Marcella" is distinctly a good book, with a good deal of humanity, and relieved here and there by unexpected gleams of humour. It is written in a correct, if somewhat heavy style, is full of thought and culture—such thought and culture as might be expected from the niece of Matthew Arnold—and is by all means a book to be read. Another book about which the public has been curious is "The Rubicon" (Methuen and Co.), by Mr. E. F. Benson. Mr. Benson's "Dodo" had the great good fortune to run (not at all on its merits) through thirteen editions. It was inevitable that he should make haste to publish another book on the same lines; we have it, and it is much nearer being a failure than a success. A story of far higher quality is "A Prisoner of Zenda" (Arrowsmith, Bristol), by Mr. Anthony Hope. Fantastic and improbable, indeed impossible, in incident, it is yet full of fascination, and

the reader who takes it up is not likely to lay it down until the last sentence is reached. But the most important of recent contributions to literature is unquestionably Mr. Swinburne's volume of poems, "Astrophel" (Chatto and Windus). It is not a work to be criticised in a few sentences, and for the present I can but advise those who, in a prosaic age, retain any love of genuine poetry to buy or borrow the book. Its music is enchanting, and such as have an ear for things musical will be charmed and stimulated.

* * *

The frisky anarchist is unusually active just at present. Like an overgrown octopus, he spreads his tentacles to nearly every part of Europe; now we hear of his doings in London, now in Paris, again in Berlin. He will be in the most sacred parts of the Eternal City presently, and by a natural progression, he will proceed to blow up Constantinople and St. Petersburg. Then, perhaps, the Czar and the Sultan will embrace in a common calamity. His presence amongst ourselves is getting a trifle too prominent to be entirely pleasant. Loaded bombs in public streets are ominous—a great deal too ominous to be regarded with perfect equanimity. The English Government is long-suffering, the English law methodical and fair. Both try to do their duty. One must not dictate to courts and juries; even a suggestion is hardly permissible. Nor have I any to offer. Only one hopes that, after the experience at Greenwich, the authorities will sleep with one eye open. We are hospitable to foreign gentlemen with a grievance, and suffering from what Mr. Micawber delicately called temporary pecuniary embarrassment. But they ought not to abuse our hospitality. If they are unreasonable, then—well, then let them be treated like ungrateful and unruly guests. Above all, let us make them understand that we are not to be blown up with impunity.

J. A. S.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

By Fitzgerald Arthur.

Since my last note many changes have taken place. The Haymarket and St. James's have produced new pieces, the Garrick has gone back to old comedy and has given us "Money." Burlesque has burst forth both at Terry's and the Strand. Mr. Tree, having at last realised that the public will not be educated by the manager, and will not patronise the class of play he had been giving us, has reverted to his old class of piece, and, in "A Bunch of Violets," Mr. Tree seems more successful than he has been for some time past. "The Tempter," "The Charlatan," "Once Upon a Time," have all been failures from the financial aspect, and yet everything was done that could be to render them successful.

"Mrs. Tanqueray" has at last gone, and now Mr. Alexander has given us "The Masqueraders," which looks as if it is going to be a big success. Mr. George Alexander's David Remon is a most excellent study, his acting throughout being even and consistent, and his gambling scene, when he plays for the stake of a woman, is one not to be forgotten. The disappointment of the piece was Mrs. Patrick Campbell. She certainly failed to make "Dulcie" the part it was intended to be, and I am not very much surprised. When Mrs. Campbell was at the Adelphi in the "Black Domino," she was not the Belle Hamilton the author intended her to be. The Paula of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was a magnificent part, anybody must have scored in. Many people raved about the performance, neglecting to disassociate the actress from the part, yet, when Miss Granville played Paula, she was, to my mind, as big a success as the creator of the part originally.

* * *

Burlesque at the Strand sounds quite like old times again. Mr. Mackay Robertson, who has taken over the theatre for some time, has put up "Jaunty Jane Shore," written by those two gentlemen who like to be known to the world as "Richard—Henry." The idea of making Jane the highly proper girl, with whom everybody falls in love is distinctly good, but here the goodness of the work ends. Mr. Robertson has nothing to thank the authors of the words for; a more feeble attempt to be funny it would be hard to find, except, perhaps, a little further up the Strand at "King Kodak." Wherein, then, does the success of "Jaunty Jane" lie? In everything but the words. The music is tuneful and lively, the scenery bright and the choruses handsome and bonny. The artistes work with a will,



MR. ARTHUR NELSTONE IN "JAUNTY JANE SHORE."

and the result is that a bald libretto is turned into a success. Miss Alice Atherton works hard throughout her part, her rendering of the barmaid's song being an exceptionally good piece of stage business. Mr. Harry Paulton as Dick, or rather King Richard III., is highly amusing, both in make-up and part. He has one or two good songs, of which he makes the most. Messrs. Edward Lewis and Fred Emney and Miss Carrie Coote and Miss Grace Huntley, all good and tried artistes, are to be found in the cast. A word is also due to the Misses Nellie and Maggie Bowman, the young Princes, for a very pretty dance they introduce. The success of the piece, however, is a young actor new to London, though known in the provinces and South Africa. I mean Mr. Arthur Nelstone. He is the constable of the watch, and as such has very little to do, but he manages to get in a song and a dance or two. His whole manner reminds one of poor Fred Leslie: he seems to take the same enjoyment out of his work, and his dancing is of a kind to see and wonder at. How he manages to contort himself so without breaking is only known to himself. On the first night of the production he fairly captured his audience. Talking of the first night leads me to suggest that something drastic should be done to prevent a repetition of what took place at the Strand on that occasion. Some four or five rowdy young blackguards found their way into the gallery, and continually annoyed and disturbed the actors and the performance. It looked to me very much like an organised *claque;* but then, of course, such things are unknown in England—'m, yes! It was manifest to all that these young ruffians had come to the theatre with the sole object of disconcerting the performers and "guying the show"; and yet no action was taken by the authorities. "Jaunty Jane Shore" is going round the country soon, and I wish Mr. Robertson every success with it—he deserves it. He has done all that within his power lay to make it one. He has surrounded himself with sterling actors and actresses; he has dressed the show well, and gathered together as pretty a chorus as has been seen on the boards for a long time.

The success of this season is undoubtedly "The New Boy," which Mr. Weedon Grossmith has been lucky enough to secure. I believe the play was originally written for, and submitted to, Mr. Penley, but he refused it. He regrets it now very much, so I'm told. "The New Boy" first saw light at Terry's, but on the return of Mr. Terry to town it moved its quarters over to the Vaudeville, where it is now to be seen eight times weekly. The idea is evidently taken from Anstey's book, "Vice Versâ"; but no matter, the idea is a good one, and in Mr. Arthur



"THE NEW BOY."
MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS, MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AND MISS MAY PALFREY.

Law's hands has been worked up into a good farcical comedy. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is in the name part, and the troubles and afflictions that assail him are many and varied. His better half is wooed by an impecunious gentleman under his very nose—nay, more, he is dandled on the gentleman's knee while his wife is proposed to. He is insulted by the offer of tops and pennies wherewith to buy sweeties, he is bullied by the big boy of the school, and is made love to by a little schoolgirl, and finally he is run in to the police station for stealing apples from a neighbour's garden, which act of depredation he has committed only under severe pressure from Bullock major, the school bully aforesaid. It will be easily seen out of all this that a lot of fun and amusement are extracted.



MISS GLADYS HOMFREY, MISS HELENA DACRE, MR. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.

Mr. John Beauchamp as Dr. Candy, the schoolmaster, is excellent, and he helps greatly thereby to the success of the piece. Mr. Sydney Warden's Theodore de Brizac is worthy of praise, which I hereby tender; he makes the part stand out. Mr. Kenneth Douglas as Bullock major also deserves a word of commendation. He has been but a short time on the boards, and, luckily for him, he has walked into a part that suits him.

Miss Gladys Homfrey is Mr. Archibald's very much better half. She is supposed to be a widow and is evidently very fascinating, for not only is Dr. Candy madly in love with her, but Felix Roach also proposes for her hand. Miss May Palfrey is the Nancy Roach, the precocious schoolgirl, who makes love to the bigger boys and is made love to by Theodore de Brizac in return. "The New Boy" is likely to run for many months to come, and I should advise everyone to go and see it. Mr. Henderson, the manager, is perfectly satisfied with the advance booking, and, this being so, it behoves those who want to enjoy the farce to book their seats, for money is nightly turned away from the doors.

It was with pleasure we all heard that Miss Kate Vaughan and Mr. Edward Terry were returning to burlesque, but when I sat in front and watched them both struggle heroically in the parts allotted to them in "King Kodak" I felt truly sorry for them. Let one idea be started and half-a-dozen more copies will follow. In "Morrocco Bound" we had the idea of a troup of artists going out to an unenlightened land and trying to educate the inhabitants thereof up-to-date. "Go Bang," a weak imitation of this, followed, and now we have "King Kodak,' a still feebler attempt to be like the original—not that there was much originality about the first, yet it succeeded; therefore, the subject must be worked to death. Miss Mabel Love worked hard and danced frequently and pleasingly, and succeeded to no small extent in making the burlesque



MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH, MR. J. D. BEVERIDGE AND MISS GLADYS HOMFREY.

go even as well as it did. No doubt by the time these lines are in print the blue pencil will have been hard at work, much of the original matter will have been excised, the actors and actresses will have suggested new lines and business of their own, and the whole piece will be

running more brightly and smoothly.

At Toole's "The Best Man" is drawing good houses. The play is by Ralph Lumley, who calls it a "comic play." Plot there is little of, but there are many comic situations which create laughter and mirth, and that is all that is desired Mr. Toole, as Price Puttlow, the chairman of the Great Southern Railway, first makes his appearance immediately after a general meeting of his shareholders, and evidently from his dishevelled appearance—coat torn, waistcoat and tie awry, etc.—he has been having a warm time of it. His old friend, Sir Lovel Gage, is about to be married, and persuades Price Puttlow to be his best man. His journeying down to Igglesden, to attend the wedding, leads him into sad trouble, and he comes in contact with the bride elect, a designing and penurious widow, one Mrs. Montaubyn. She, who is travelling without a ticket, passes herself off as Sarah Spooner, her maid, who is affianced to Mr. Minch, the worthy station-master at Igglesden. The poor station-master's bosom is torn with the conflicting pangs of love and duty—love, to screen his bride elect; duty, to investigate the cause of her travelling without a ticket. Puttlow's hat being found on the line where the train has been stopped (owing to the communication cord being for once in order) causes jealousy to strive for the uppermost place in the heart of Minch against love and duty. From this, it is seen, strange, awkward and comical situations arise. All, however, is eventually happily explained, and everything ends happily.



MR. EDWARD A. COVENTRY.
Photo. by] [*Percival*

Mr. Toole, as Price Puttlow, makes the utmost of an absurd part. Miss Beatrice Lamb is the widow, Mrs. Montaubyn, but she is not the success she was in Niobe. How Mrs. John Wood or Miss Fanny Brough would have revelled in the part. Miss Lamb seems to have based her idea of the part very much on the same lines Miss Fanny Brough would have; and, indeed, at times she reminds one somewhat of Miss Brough.

Two decided hits are made in small parts. Mr. George Shelton, as Mr. Minch, extracts a lot of humour out of his small part, and Mr. Edward Coventry, as Walter Brewer, makes an absurd part become an exceedingly bright little one by his clever character sketch. Mr. Coventry, who, my provincial readers will remember, was a great success as W. G. in "Walker, London," is proving himself a very valuable addition to Mr. Toole's merry little company. Miss Beatrice Lamb wears some very pretty frocks. Miss Eliza Johnstone, as the sour and strictly proper Sarah Spooner, is—as she usually is—good. Mr. C. M. Lowne and Miss Fordyce, a young pair of lovers, and Miss Cora Poole, Miss Alice Kingsley and Mr. John Billington go to complete a good cast. "The Best Man" is preceded by "Hester's Mystery," by Pinero, which is a pretty little piece, but which does not call for much comment.



MR. IVAN ST AUSTELL.

* * *

I was present last month at a very excellent concert, given in the central hall of the Inns of Court Hotel. The occasion was the re-opening of the Hall, and the idea was the very excellent one of a social gathering of colonials. Many agents general of our Colonies, M.P.'s, and other celebrities were present, and the very best talent available appeared. When I men-

tion such names as Miss Olga Nethersole, Miss Alma Stanley, Mr. Lal Brough, Mr. Upton, Mr. Sydney Valentine, Mr. W. L. Abingdon, Herr Schuberth (violoncello), Mr. Vaughan (mandoline), Cecil Newton, with several good imitations of well-known actors and music hall artistes, and the White Hungarian band; it will be superfluous to add that the concert was a success. The two gems of the evening, however, were Paul and Virginia and Mr. Ivan St. Austell. Paul and Virginia are a young lad and lassie from Australia who gave us a Polish dance and, for an encore, a Welsh ditto, both given in a spirited, pleasing and highly artistic manner. Mr Ivan St. Austell is a young tenor of more than even the usual excellent ability. He is at present with the Rousbey Operatic Company, but I believe joins the Carl Rosa next season. He fairly electrified his audience with his rendering of "Bianca," and for a most enthusiastic encore, he gave "When other Lips," most charmingly rendered. Altogether, the gathering reflected great credit on Mr. Frank Blackley, the genial manager of the hotel. May he give many more shows like this, and may I be there to see.



MADAME ALBANI.



MISS ANNA WILLIAMS.



MADAME MELBA.



MISS CLARA BUTT.

* * *

Sir Augustus Harris's Opera Season now is in full swing at Covent Garden. Among the new works given or as promised this season I may mention, first of all, Verdi's "Falstaff." Then we are to have Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," Massenet's "Navarraise" and "Werther," Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin," Gounod's "Sappho," and Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," with the two De Reszkes and Madame Melba in the cast. This has already been produced by the Carl Rosa in Liverpool. England is not to be neglected, and Mr. Cowen's "Signa" will also be produced. Sir Augustus has scoured the world for artistes, and has gathered together some half-a-hundred from Paris, Brussels, Milan, Madrid and the States. Altogether, we are promised a great treat, and operatic playgoers are under a deep debt of gratitude to Sir Augustus Harris.



MDME. CLARA SAMUELL.



MISS MARIAN McKENZIE.



MISS EMMA JUCH.

* * *

The directors of the Crystal Palace promise us a great treat this month, the exact dates being Monday the 25th, Wednesday the 27th, and Friday the 29th, when the great triennial Handel Festival will take place. The orchestra will number some five hundred trained and skilled musicians, consisting of both professionals and amateurs. The chorus is an enormous one, several thousands in number. London alone supplies some two thousand five hundred, the others being gathered from the cathedral cities and other musical centres in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. The soloists consist of a perfect galaxy of talent, and I may mention such names as Madame Albani, Madame Melba, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Clara Samuell and Miss Emma Juch as sopranos. Miss Marian McKenzie and Miss Clara Butt are the contraltos, and two finer ones could not be found in the kingdom. For tenors we have those two tried men, Messrs Edward Lloyd and Ben Davies, while for baritone and bass we have Mr. Santley, Mr. Norman Salmond and Mr. Andrew Black. Among these names one, at least, is new; I mean Miss Clara Butt, a scholarship holder of the Royal College of Music. Miss Butt sang at one of the free Sunday after-



MR. BEN DAVIES.



MR. SANTLEY.



MR. ANDREW BLACK.

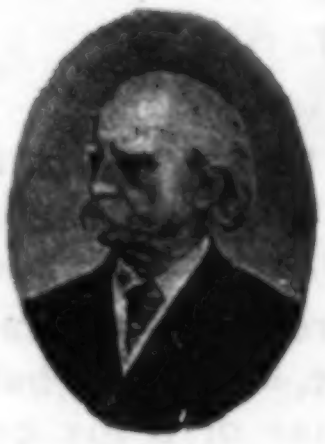


MR. EDWARD LLOYD.



MR. NORMAN SALMOND.

noon concerts at the Albert Hall, where Sir Joseph Barnby heard her and promptly arranged for her to make her *début* at the Albert Hall in the "Golden Legend." She also was a great success in the production of Gluck's "Orpheus" at the Lyceum by the pupils of the Royal College of Music. The conductor of all this imposing array of talent is the venerable and renowned August Manns, who has now been connected with the musical arrangements at the Crystal Palace for nearly forty years. Mr. Manns will, it may be confidently predicted, spare no pains to make the festival of 1894 even a greater musical triumph than any of its predecessors.



MR. AUGUST MANNS.

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Puzzledom

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My 3, 2, 7, is appropriate;
My 6. 5, 10, is a sheltered place;
My 11, 8, 9, is a riotous noise;
My whole is a celebrated structure of recent date.

121. A Word Square.

1. A heathen. 2. Unextinguished. 3. Scoffs.
4. To turn away. 5. Abodes.

122. A Charade.

My first when we travel, as useful we deem,
Though drawn, as times alter with life's changing scheme,
By man, electricity, horses or steam.

My second's a parrot, a dog or a cat;
But never a hornet, hyena, or bat,
And seldom a mouse or a fox or a rat.

My whole, a convenience and comfort we call
A luxury surely, save in spring and in fall,
When the housekeepers make it a trial to all.

Conundrums.

123. What were the first bookmarkers?
124. Which is the greatest curiosity in the world?
125. What is that which though black in itself yet enlightens the whole world.
126. Why is there no such thing as a whole day?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th June. Competitions should be addressed "June Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, 53, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

113. *A Newspaper.*

114. *Went.*
Erie.
Nips.
Test.

115. 1. *Mocking bird.* 3. *The secretary bird.*
2. *The lyre bird.* 4. *The quail.*

116. *When he folds it.*

117. *Because she chants a lay.*

118. *Because it has a fine temper.*

119. *Sense.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our April Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—A. W. Armistead, Winmarleigh Vicarage, Garstang, Lancs.; M. Furborrow, Sea View, Fortunes Well, Portland; Wm. Macdonald, 21, Westcott Rd., Anfield, Liverpool; T. Slater, Winder, Frizington, Carnforth; B. Thompson, 6, Rose Mount, Wallington, Surrey.

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